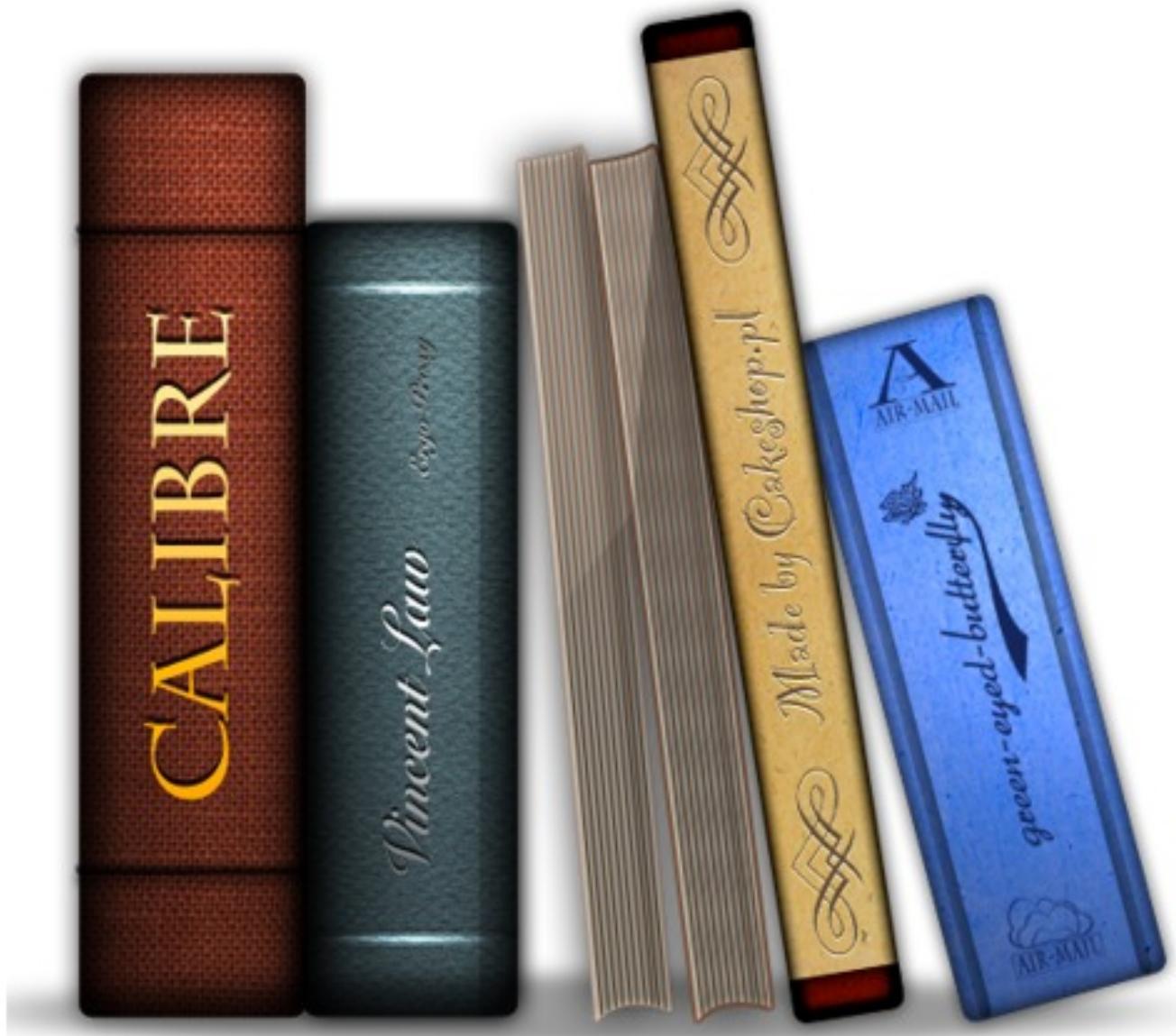


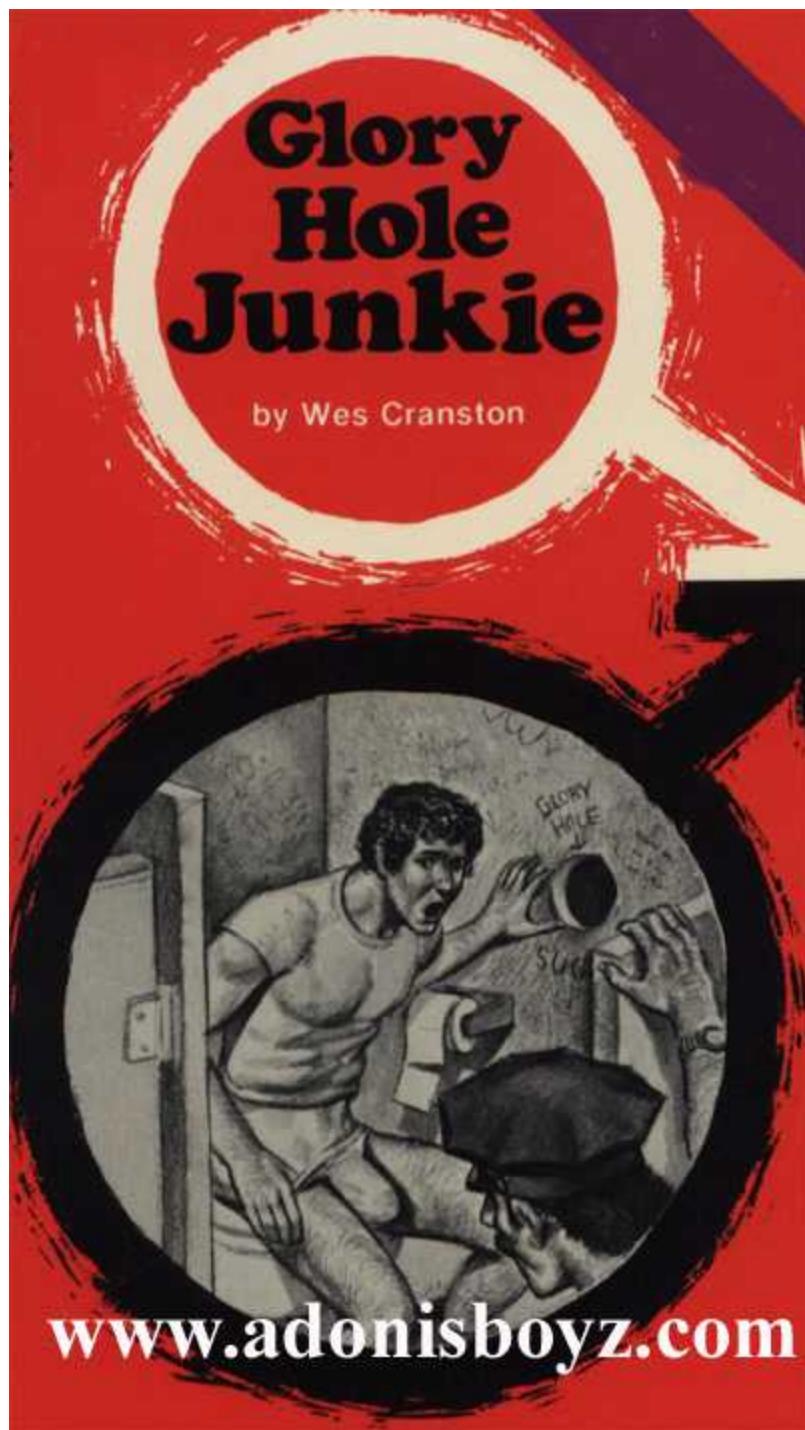
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**ac-304 glory hole junkie (wes
cranston) 1983**

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AC-304 GLORY HOLE JUNKIE by Wes Cranston

FOREWORD

In our ever-changing and often-confusing world, a world in which it is often difficult to determine right from wrong or good from bad, things which may have shocked our grandparents, or even our parents, are often taken with a grain of salt.

Just a few short years ago, it seemed that the stereotype homosexual had firmly entrenched itself in the general consciousness of our society. It would have been looked upon as absurd, for example, for one to suggest that a certain professional football player was gay. After all, everyone knew that homosexuals were nonviolent at best, and downright weakened at worst. It also went without saying that there were no homosexual doctors, lawyers, politicians or policemen. There were, however, numerous gay hair dressers, interior decorators and fashion designers. And, of course, most artists were suspect.

GLORY HOLE JUNKIE is a story that "tells it like it is" in that it exposes the old gay stereotype for what it is -- a lie. A compelling novel that attempts to uncover the truth in an area where the facts have been ignored too long.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Justin tongued the throbbing cockhead that poked through the glory hole.

His lips encircled the spongy cock.

The stranger on the other side of the wooden partition moaned, "Oh yeah.

That feels so fine." He rammed his fuckmeat down the teenaged cock sucker's throat.

Justin reached between his own legs he jacked his prick to the rhythm of the big cock that pumped inside his mouth, stuffing his throat.

"Here it comes. Take it. Swallow my cum." The rock-hard cock exploded, gushing hot, salty cum inside the teenager's mouth. Justin swallowed the entire load. At the same time, he shot his own load of cum onto the floor.

"Come out of there, punk."

Justin trembled.

The wooden door swung open, breaking the latch.

"Justin Taylor. You ought to be ashamed."

"Mr. Sherman." Justin recognized the local constable who usually sat in his squad car at the edge of town and ticketed drivers who didn't observe the local speed limit. The city needed the money. He had a reputation for harassing all teenaged drivers.

Sherman's fist slammed into the boy's jaw. Justin's head hit the partition. Sherman grabbed him and shook him so hard that his teeth rattled. Justin tasted the trickle of warm blood in his mouth.

"You pervert. Lousy cocksucker. I should have know you were the one."

"Shut up, queer."

"I sucked you off. Let me go." "Not a chance. We don't want queers in this town."

Justin spent the night in a drafty cell. He thought of the hypocrisy of small-town life, how he'd sucked off the cop who he'd figured was just another passing stranger in the bus depot toilet.

The justice of the peace was outraged. Chester Fitch dispensed justice in Puckerbrush and was also employed as the hearse driver for Dunn's Mortuary.

Fitch listened to the pack of lies told by the constable: how there'd been complaints of lewd behavior in the bus depot toilet, how the teenager had groped the urinating cop who had then arrested him.

"Anything to say in your defense, boy?"

Justin shook his head, knowing the justice of the peace would believe the constable, who was also his brother-in-law.

"We don't want you in our town," Fitch said. "I'm authorizing the city clerk to purchase a one-way, non-refundable bus ticket for you to San Francisco. That's where you belong. I want you out of town by sundown."

Justin got on the bus that night. He never bothered to look back. He'd graduated from Puckerbrush High and knew that he'd never get married and settle down for the quiet life in Puckerbrush, where everyone knew everyone else's business.

He'd taken the summer job as a busboy in the diner in the depot. He'd cut out the glory hole in the bathroom and sucked off strangers passing through town, usually horny servicemen.

As the bus sped along the freeway in the rainy dark night, Justin thought it was all for the better. He'd planned to save his money and split town anyway. No one would miss Justin Taylor, who everyone had described as a

loner, different. The right word was gay. San Francisco was known as the gay capitol of the world.

Justin didn't see the man's face from the glory hole. He didn't understand why the constable had come in his mouth and then arrested him for lewd conduct.

It was funny now as the miles passed between him and Puckerbrush. In high school Justin had ogled the studs in the locker room but never had the nerve to make overtures. He laughed thinking about the story the boys told about the man on the subway during the blackout in New York City.

Someone went down on the man's cock and blew him. When the lights had come on again, the woman looked up and said, "Louie!" The man said, "Ma!"

Only in Justin's case it had been Constable Sherman.

Justin closed his eyes but he couldn't sleep. The bus sped along Interstate 80, cutting into the night. He sat in the back and listened to the groaning of the bus.

At a stop, some more passengers got onto the bus. A young man sat down beside Justin.

"Buses make me horny. All that vibration," the blond youth said.

Justin had black curly hair and green eyes, and was tanned. He imagined the contrast of being nude beside the milky skinned blond teenager.

Justin expected some hot sex talk with this stud who had said bus rides made him horny, but the blond fell asleep.

Since no one was seated close to them at the back of the bus, Justin wondered why the blond had taken the seat next to him, unless he wanted some adventure.

He thought about groping the blond to see if his cock was hard. He touched his sore jaw where the constable had slugged him.

Justin's cock pulsated in his Levi's. He couldn't stand the tension any longer, sitting beside a hunky stud in the dark. He freed his cock from his jeans and stroked it.

In the shadows, he thought the blond was awake but pretending sleep. The blond turned toward Justin. Their legs touched.

Justin groped the blond's crotch. Sure enough the hunk had a hard-on. But he still pretended to be asleep.

Justin unzipped the blond's pants and took out his stiff prick. He bent over and took the fucker in his mouth.

The blond sighed. His breathing became heavier.

Justin massaged the guy's hard balls in their ball sac while he audibly slurped on the blond's stiff prick. Holding the base of his cock, Justin licked his cockhead, darting his tongue into the piss slit. He flicked his tongue across the blond's cockshaft. Again he engulfed the guy's cockhead past the corona, all the way down his prickshaft till his nose touched the wiry pubic bush. The blond wore no shorts.

He took his mouth off the randy fucker and jacked on it. In the shadows, he thought he detected a slimy drop of pre-cum. He licked the salty goo.

Deep-throating the blond's stiff cock, Justin sucked with vigor, moving his mouth almost off the cockhead, then plunging all the way down to the balls.

He sucked faster and faster, coaxing the cum out of the blond's hard balls. He poked his middle finger inside the blond's hot asshole. He finger-fucked the guy's asshole while he sucked his steely hard cock.

The blond grunted. Justin took his finger out of the kid's butt as he felt the boy's cock throb and gush gobs and gobs of hot, salty cum down his throat, flooding his mouth. He swallowed several times to get all the delicious fuck juice.

The blond's hand reached for Justin's hard cock. The moment his fingers encircled Justin's fiery fucker, Justin shot his wad, covering the kid's hand with gobs of creamy cum.

The blond ate the cum off his hand, licking his fingers. "Oh God, that felt so good. Your cum tastes so sweet."

Justin pulled the blond's head down, and he kissed the stud, tasting his own cum in the stud's mouth.

"That's something I always dreamed of," the blond said.

"Huh?"

"Sex with a stud."

"I want to marry you," Justin said.

The blond laughed. "I'm already married. But my old lady thinks it's dirty to suck cock."

"Where is she?"

"With her folks. I just came from there. I'm in the Air Force, stationed at SAC headquarters in Omaha."

"Oh?"

"Where are you headed?"

"Frisco. I'm moving there."

"I'd sure like to go there someday. I think I'm gay. I got married because her father said he'd kill me if I didn't marry her after I got her knocked up."

"What's your name?"

"Jimmy Wright."

"I'm Justin Taylor. A pleasure to meet you." He grabbed the airman's cock instead of his hand and was surprised that the blond's cock was still rock-hard.

"I'd love to fuck your ass. I've never done that before."

"I'm queer, but I'm still a man," Justin teased. "What makes you think I take it in the ass?"

Jimmy laughed. "I didn't mean to insult you, that you're not a man. It's just that sometimes I think about fucking a man's ass while I'm with my old lady."

Justin slid down his Levi's and jockey shorts. He lubed his ass with spit, grabbed the airman's randy prick and sat on it, facing away from the hunky GI.

"Oh, man. Your butt's so hot, so tight," Jimmy whispered.

As the bus moved along in the rainy night, Justin kept his eyes open and bounced up and down on the airman's stiff prick.

He felt Jimmy's hands rub his asscheeks, Justin lifted his ass almost off the blond's towering prick, then plunged all the way down on Jimmy's fucker.

Jimmy moaned, and he thrust forward meeting the fuck strokes. He reached around and grabbed Justin's cock and balls. He fingered the hard balls in their ballsac, and he jerked the loose skin up and down over Justin's cockhead. "Fuck me, GI," Justin said.

"Oh, yeah, buddy. What I always wanted to do, fuck a stud's ass."

Justin wiggled his ass and felt the fiery fucker become concrete hard, then shoot bolts of hot cum into his guts. He clamped his sphincter around Jimmy's spurting fucker and drained all the cum out of his balls.

He lifted his ass off Jimmy's big cock.

"Like my ass?" Justin asked.

"Love it, man."

"You'll never be the same again." "I dig it. I really do."

"Do me a favor," Justin said. He sat down on the seat beside the airman.

"Sure." Justin grabbed the blond's hair, pushing the airman's head down in his lap.

"Uh, I've never."

"Do it. Suck my cock."

Slowly Jimmy grabbed Justin's fucker, putting his lips around the brunet's cockhead.

"Suck it, man."

Jimmy jerked on Justin's cockshaft with his hand while his mouth sucked the rosy cockhead down past the corona.

"Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Jesus, I'm going to shoot already. Swallow my load, man."

Jimmy gagged when Justin's cock exploded. He tried, but he just couldn't take the big geyser of cum that gushed out of Justin's cock.

"Ummm. Not bad for the first time," Justin said.

The aisle lights came on, and the bus pulled into the Omaha depot.

Jimmy stuffed his still-hard prick into his pants. "So long, Justin."

"Later," Justin said, knowing that he'd never see the hot blond hunk again.

CHAPTER TWO

In Cheyenne, Wyoming, Justin got off the bus. He'd been living on Cokes and candy bars most of the trip because he was nearly broke.

He stood in front of the depot on Capitol Avenue and smoked a cigarette.

"New in town, partner?"

Justin looked at the dude, about thirty, in cowboy drag wearing the western hat. "I'm on the bus, just passing through."

"Story of my life," the cowboy said.

"Always on the move. If I meet someone I like, they're on the move."

"Are you really a cowboy?" "I'm with the rodeo in town." "Oh, yeah?"

Justin noted that the cowboy kept looking at his crotch.

"How much time you got?" Justin said, "Less than an hour." "How about some coke?" "Sure," Justin said. "I'm parched." "I've got a room nearby."

Justin liked what he saw: a lean, muscular cowboy with a big basket. He'd like that cowboy to ride him, yeah, even rope him, but that wouldn't be necessary because he'd let the hunky dude fuck him.

In the hotel room, Justin's cock was already hard. He watched the cowboy take out a cellophane envelope and a tiny spoon.

"What's that?" "Coke."

"Dope? I thought you meant soda pop." Justin watched the cowboy hold a nostril and whiff the white powder off the tiny spoon.

"I feel dumb."

"You'll feel terrific," the cowboy promised. Justin snorted the coke, and everything was beautiful.

The cowboy stripped the teenaged boy, placed a pillow under his stomach, greased his asshole with goo, and mounted him.

Justin felt no pain as the nude cowboy, wearing only his hat, shoved his big prick up him. He gyrated his hips and pushed back at the invading fuckmeat.

"Tight chicken ass, just what I love." "Fuck me, cowboy. Fuck me rough."

The cowboy took long, deep strokes and fucked the boy's butt.

Justin stuck his ass up in the air and held it still while the cowboy's cock rammed him with piston-like action. The strokes were shorter and faster now.

"Keep fucking me, cowboy. Fuck me harder. Come inside my ass."

"Move that ass under me, buckaroo." Justin felt giddy off the dope. He had the weird idea that if he looked behind him, he'd see a bearded Gabby Hayes shooting a load of dust and powder on his ass.

"Oh, shit. Fuck. Buckaroo, I'm going to come."

"Do it, Gabby. Come in my ass." Justin gyrated his hips, clamping his sphincter around the cowboy's exploding fucker. He lay still and saw fireworks in his head as the cowboy's cock blasted gobs and gobs of hot cum up his ass.

The cowboy's cock softened and slipped out of the boy's ass.

"On your back, buckaroo."

Justin turned over.

The sweaty, spent cowboy lay down on top of him. He pulled Justin's curly hair, pressed his lips against the boy's and pushed his tongue inside the

boy's mouth.

Justin sucked on the cowboy's tongue, tasting his spit. His asshole throbbed from the rough fuck and his prick pulsated between their stomachs.

The cowboy tongue-bathed the teenager. He licked the boy's ears, his eyes, sucked on his chin, his throat. He pinched the boy's nipples, sending waves of electricity through the boy's body. He sucked on the boy's tits. He swabbed a trail of saliva south, licking the boy's bellybutton.

Justin's prick pulsated and leaked clear pre-cum.

The cowboy, with his hat still on the back of his head, spread the boy's legs. He licked the boy's inner thighs. He held the boy's legs up in the air and lapped at his asscrack. He darted his tongue inside the pink pucker.

Justin couldn't hold back any longer. With the cowboy's tongue stabbing his asshole, he moaned, and ropes of hot, creamy cum spurted across his chest and stomach.

The cowboy let the boy's legs down. He kneeled over the boy and lapped up the ropes of pearly cum on the boy's torso. He lay on top of the boy again their bodies seemed glued by the residue of sticky cum.

Justin opened his mouth and tasted drops of his own bittersweet cum that were deposited in his mouth by the cowboy. His cock was still hard after he'd come.

"Only one way to make your prick go soft." The cowboy greased the boy's fucker with some jell from a tube on the nightstand. He greased his own hairy asshole, then impaled himself on the boy's stiff cock.

"Ride'em, cowboy," Justin said.

The cowboy hollered and bucked as his tight ass rode the boy's fucker.

Justin held the cowboy's asscheeks as the cowboy bounced up and down on the boy's cock.

"Shoot it, buckaroo. Shoot your wad up my ass."

Justin tensed his thighs and thrust his prick back into the cowboy's ass, stroke for stroke.

"Here it is, Gabby. Take it. Take it all. Take this buckaroo's load up your hairy ass."

Justin screamed and his steely hard cock exploded, shooting bolts of hot cum into the cowboy's bowels.

"Oh, yeah, buckaroo. Un-huh, cream my guts with your fuckjuice."

The cowboy lifted himself off the boy's cock.

"It's been great, but I really got to go." Justin looked at his watch.

"The bus goes in twenty minutes."

"What's with the Gabby shit?"

"You kept saying buckaroo. He's the only one I'd ever heard use the word before in old reruns on the tube."

"One more thing."

"It's got to be fast or I'll miss the bus." Before Justin knew what was happening, the cowboy had taken some rope and tied him to the bed.

"Don't hurt me."

"I want you to remember me, buckaroo." The cowboy stood over the boy and held his prick. He let go with a spray of steamy piss that soaked the boy's body.

"What the fuck..."

"Drink my piss, buckaroo."

"No way, man. That's totally gross." Justin couldn't help but taste the acrid foamy piss that splattered on his face.

The cowboy gave the boy a golden shower, pissing on the boy's torso, cock and balls.

"Untie me, please."

"Don't freak out, buckaroo."

"I don't want to miss my bus."

The cowboy untied the boy as quickly as he'd bound him.

Justin didn't have time to shower. He splashed some smelly cologne from the dresser onto his body.

"Take care, buckaroo. Watch out for piss queens."

Justin bolted for the door. "Go fuck yourself."

On the bus ride, the coke high wore right off. The cowboy was really a hunky dude, Justin thought. It was the ropes and the piss that he wasn't ready for. He couldn't understand that, while he thought about it, his prick got hard.

In the dark night with the bus groaning along the highway, Justin's prick stayed hard.

Unable to relax and sleep, sitting alone in the back of the bus, Justin reached his hand down inside his Levi's. He squeezed his stiff prick.

Unbuttoning his jeans, he slid them down over his hips.

With his right hand, he stroked his prick. With the middle finger of his left hand, he fingered his asshole, still full of the cowboy's cum that he hadn't shit out yet.

He thought about GI Jimmy, and he jerked his prick. He'd have given anything to have been naked in the sack with that hunky airman.

Again he thought of the cowboy. Maybe that scene would have been a bummer without the coke. The fantasy of sex with a cowboy was exciting. And he liked it because the cowboy kept his hat on all the time during sex.

When Justin finally slept, he dreamed that he was still living in Puckerbrush, that he was still in high school.

As a sophomore, he'd been the manager of the football team, which meant he picked up stuff in the locker room and handed out towels. He'd quit because the guys had teased him about being a runt, although, he had a bigger prick than most of them. He'd heard talk by some of the players that only a fairy boy would want that job. Justin quit despite the coach's plea for him to stay on.

Justin had the dream that he often had when in high school. The team had lost the big game. There would be no celebration dance.

Five of the players hung around after the coach left, after the other players had showered and left. Justin was waiting to lock up the cage.

The quarterback, a tackle, a guard, an end and the fullback came into the cage after they'd barricaded the door. They were drinking beer and smoking grass.

"You guys better go now," Justin said in his dream.

"Have a beer, runt." The quarterback shoved a beer can into Justin's hand.

"I don't drink."

"We're all buddies, right?" the guard said. "Yeah, okay." Justin sipped the beer. "I need a piece of ass," the end said. "Justin's got a pussy,"

the tackle said. "Not funny," Justin said.

"Let's take a look," the quarterback said. Suddenly Justin was knocked down and the players were stripping off his clothes.

"He's got a prick all right," the quarterback said. "Nothing to write home about, but it's a prick."

Justin had secretly admired Greg, the quarterback, particularly his firm, round buns. He'd like to fuck that stud.

The guard was Gary, who had a big cut cock that Justin would like to suck.

The tackle was Jeff, who had a big muscular body, although not much in the cock department.

The end was a Latino named Luis, who had a sexy olive-skinned body and a monstrous uncut cock.

The fullback was Damon, a foxy black stud with a giant cock.

"Let's all fuck Justin," the quarterback said.

"No, you can't. I don't go for that shit."

Justin was spread-eagled and held down. Greg went first. His cock was long and thin, and he shot off right away.

Next was Gary, the guard, who pumped a big load. Jeff, the tackle, shoved his cock into Justin's mouth.

Luis, the end, fucked the shit out of Justin with short, fast strokes.

Then came black Damon, who nearly split Justin in two.

Instead of letting the team manager, with his bloody raped butt, go afterwards, after he'd been forced to suck and to be fucked by the players, something different happened, something was added to the dream, the fantasy gang bang. All the players stood over the fucked-out team manager, and they pissed all over him, drowning him in a golden shower.

He awoke with his jockey shorts full of jism, the way they always were after that horny wet dream.

CHAPTER THREE

Justin got off the bus in Salt Lake City. He went to the men's room and splashed cold water onto his face.

When he opened his eyes, he saw a tall, good-looking stud combing his hair and looking at him.

Justin returned the gaze, riveting his eyes on the stud's crotch. The stud scratched his crotch, then turned away.

Justin's cock hardened in his Levi's. He splashed more cold water onto his face, then dried off.

The bathroom emptied out. As he was leaving, Justin noted a door open in a stall. Sitting on the throne was the tall stud, who lewdly ran his tongue across his lips.

Justin stepped into the stall. He unbuttoned his Levi's and freed his stiff cock.

The stud grabbed Justin's throbbing prick by the base. His tongue swabbed the crimson cockhead, his lips encircled the knob, and he sucked down the stud's prickshaft.

Justin rubbed the stud's sandy hair and moaned. He held the stud's head while he pumped his prick into the guy's mouth, down his throat.

"Suck it, dude. Suck my cock till it comes."

The stud sitting on the commode, with his trousers down to his ankles, exposed his bulbous, rosy cock which bounced around while he mouth-fucked Justin.

Justin reached down, touched the stud's fiery fucker and frigged the loose skin up and down over his cockhead.

The stud jerked on Justin's prick while he rapidly sucked his cockhead down to the corona, where his hand held the guy's fuckmeat.

"Take it all in your mouth," Justin said. He removed the stud's grip on his cock, clasped his hands around the stud's ears, and roughly mouth-fucked him.

The stud gagged while his mouth was being crammed with cock.

"It's ready, man. Here it is. Oh, yeah. Keep sucking. Swallow my cum," Justin moaned.

The stud got into some heavy-duty cocksucking and squeezed Justin's denim-clad buns while Justin's cock rammed relentlessly down his throat.

Justin groaned and flooded the stud's mouth with buckets of molten cum.

The stud gulped and swallowed several times, but he couldn't contain the geyser of cum that dripped out of the sides of his mouth.

Justin removed his cock from the stud's mouth. The stud grabbed at the brunet's cock while licking his lips. He cleaned off Justin's swollen cockhead, catching the last drops of pearly white cum that oozed out of Justin's piss slit.

Justin grabbed the stud by his pulsating prick and he moved around until he'd switched positions with the handsome stud. He stared into the man's deep blue eyes that burned with lust.

Justin looked at the stud's beefy thighs, his sandy pubic bush, the bunk of randy fuckmeat that jerked in front of him, and the big hairy balls filled with cum.

Justin cupped the studs hard balls in his left hand. He held his fiery cockshaft in the right hand. He licked the clear, leaking pre-cum, tasting its salty essence, and roughly darted his tongue into the stud's piss slit.

The stud writhed in pain and moaned with passion.

Justin held his fiery fucker like a sprig of grapes and licked at the stud's hairy balls, taking one orb and then the other inside his mouth.

He hummed on the guy's hard balls and jacked on his randy prick at the same time.

"Oh, man, that feels great. Eat my balls. Give 'em hell."

Justin continued sucking on the stud's balls. "Holy shit. Oh, Christ, I'm going to shoot my wad."

Justin got his mouth onto the stud's raging prick just in time to catch the geyser of hot, salty cum that spurted out of his piss slit.

The stud's fiery prick flooded Justin's mouth with one of the biggest loads he could remember. But he managed to swallow every drop of the stud's precious fuckjuice.

Justin turned his stud around. He stared at the guy's hairy buns. His tongue licked the soft down as he kneaded the stud's firm asscheeks.

Justin spread the stud's buns and looked at the pink pucker, which he licked with his tongue.

The stud shuddered and bent over, providing Justin with better access to his fuckhole.

Justin lapped at the stud's hairy asscrack, coating it with spit. He darted his tongue in and out of the guy's hot fuckhole.

Justin's prick raged. He guided the stud's hot ass right down onto his throbbing prick and speared his asshole. Justin thrust into the hot ass that clamped onto his cock. He held the stud's buns while the hunky fucker bounced his ass around on Justin's cock.

"Come in my ass, man. Fill my ass with your jizz."

Justin increased the fucking tempo, meeting the stud's gyrating ass with long, deep strokes, plowing into his hairy asshole.

"Oh, yeah, that's good. Real good. I'm ready. Take my load up your ass!"

Just when Justin's prick became rock-hard it burst, jerking and throbbing in the stud's hot asshole, and blasting rivulets of fiery cum into his guts.

The stud sat down on Justin's legs and took every inch of Justin's eight-inch cock inside his butt.

The stud's sphincter tightened and milked every drop of cum there was in Justin's balls.

When the stud lifted up off Justin's cock, Justin saw his cum dripping out of the guy's wounded ass fucker.

Oblivious to their surroundings while getting it on, they now waited until the bathroom emptied before they left the stall.

Justin went into the coffee shop and he bought a Coke. He lit a cigarette, the last in his pack.

To his surprise, the tall stud joined him at the table. Justin marveled at how the big butch brutes were the best to fuck in the ass.

"Name's Joseph Smith."

Justin shook hands. "Taylor. Justin Taylor."

Joseph sipped the soda he had brought with him to the table. "Where are you going?"

"Frisco."

"Live there?"

"I will soon. Are you passing through?" Joseph shook his head. "I just got back. Spent a year in England on a mission with my family."

"What are you going to be?" Justin asked. "Very gay, I'm afraid. It's totally against my religion. I didn't have sex all the time I was in England... well,

except, you know."

"By yourself. Hand-to-hand combat." "Un-huh. I had the urge to do it again, have gay sex, so I came to cruise the bus depot."

"Guess I was in the right place at the right time."

"This isn't my style. I like to know a person first. I haven't had that much experience. Have you?"

"Enough to be told to leave town. That's why I'm going to Frisco."

Joseph sipped his soda down to the ice. "Want another?"

"I'd rather have a pack of cigarettes," Justin said.

"Hey, you broke?" "More or less."

Joseph left and he returned with two eggsalad sandwiches, two cartons of milk and a pack of Marlboros.

"You didn't have to." "It's all for you."

Justin wolfed down the sandwiches, drank the milk. "Thanks, man."

The loudspeaker announced the bus was loading for Reno and San Francisco.

"That's my bus."

Joseph shook Justin's hand again. He gave Justin a ten dollar bill.

Justin hesitated, but Joseph fucked the hill into Justin's Levi's.

On the bus again, Justin thought about the Tennessee Williams' plays they read in English class in high school. That's what the writer meant about depending on the kindness of strangers, hub?

For a moment Justin wondered if his Uncle Chuck would miss him, but decided his uncle would just keep on drinking, the way he always did after his wife had left him for some rich old man. His uncle said all women were whores.

Justin would have left Puckerbrush sooner or later, he thought. Iowa was Bible-belt country and no place for a cocksucker. He'd no longer have to be an undercover faggot. No one in Puckerbrush knew him very well, and he didn't really know who he was, except that he was gay, and no shrink or religious fanatic could change that fact.

CHAPTER FOUR

The bus pulled into Reno. Justin strolled around the downtown area, until, he walked into the Gold Street casino. This was part of the green felt jungle with people at the dice and blackjack tables, people pulling the handles of slot machines, clouds of smoke and noisy chatter, no clocks in sight.

Justin felt the tenspot in his pocket. He needed that money to eat on.

But he decided to try his luck with a roll of dimes. He fed the hungry slot machines. Nothing happened. Hesitantly he got another roll of dimes, deciding to stay with one machine. The tumblers whirled but all he got was a few dimes. No jackpot. He felt like a sucker.

Leaving the casino, he found a nickel on the floor. He picked up the coin and put it into the slot machine in front of him. Three swamis appeared on the middle line. A bell rang and a red light flashed on top of the machine.

Justin said, "I won. But how much?"

The hunky Latino stud at a nearby machine said, "Fifty bucks. Better let me collect it for you, unless you've got an ID. Because they won't pay minors."

"Jeez, I never thought of that."

The Latino collected the payoff and he gave the money to Justin. "I wish some of your luck would rub off on me."

Looking into the stud's dark eyes, Justin felt his cock get hard. He wished the stud's cum would rub off onto him. He brazenly cruised the Latino's crotch.

"See something you like?"

"I see plenty I like." Justin licked his lips. "Where are you from?"

"Originally El Paso. But I live in Reno now."

"Work here?"

"Yeah. I was washing dishes at a hotel, but they fired me for drinking on the job. My luck's been lousy. Where are you from?"

"Iowa, but I'm going to Frisco to live." "You'll like it. I've been there. Lots of hot hombres."

"Buy you a drink?" Justin offered. He looked at his watch. "My bus leaves in less than an hour."

"That's too bad. I was going to invite you to blow some weed."

Justin would rather blow him. "What's your name?"

"Pedro."

"Justin."

"I know a place we can go."

Justin followed Pedro to a spot by the Truckee River, which runs through downtown Reno. There was a dugout area under the hotel where Pedro said he'd worked.

Pedro took the joint out of his cigarette pack and fired it.

Justin took a hit off the weed.

Pedro unzipped his fly and took a piss.

Justin watched the piss splash out of Pedro's cock. He took out his own prick to piss, but it was too stiff to piss now. The idea occurred to Justin that he'd like to taste this muscular, olive-skinned hunk's piss.

Pedro shook the last drop of piss from his prick, which became rock-hard.

He took the weed front Justin and deeply inhaled the smoke.

Justin kneeled on the ground and be took the Latino's stiff prick into his mouth.

"Ay, suck my cock, hombre."

Justin tasted the stud's cheesy cock, the traces of smegma. He held onto Pedro's rubbery prickshaft while be licked his flared cockhead. He rolled his tongue over the spongy cockhead. His lips encircled the Latino's fucker.

Pedro rubbed Justin's bead. "Suck it, hombre. Keep sucking my cock."

Justin held Pedro's cockshaft and sucked the Latino's prick. He cupped the stud's hard balls in their ballsac.

Pedro rammed his ample cock in and out of Justin's hungry mouth.

Justin managed to slide the tight black polyester slacks down Pedro's buns. His hands kneaded the stud's smooth, firm tawny asscheeks while Pedro pumped his prick relentlessly down Justin's throat.

"Ay, it's ready to shoot. Take it. Take all the cum."

Justin engulfed the steely hard cock down to the balls, his face nestled in wiry pubic bush.

Pedro moaned, said something in Spanish that Justin didn't understand, and spurted gobs and gobs of hot fuckjuice into Justin's mouth.

Justin rapidly swallowed the load of salty cum, careful not to spill a drop of Pedro's delicious wad.

Pedro dropped to his knees. Justin didn't know what to expect. He held onto Pedro's hard cock and kept it in his mouth.

Pedro maneuvered into a sixty-nine position, unfastened Justin's Levi's, took out his stiff fucker and shimmied the Levi's down over the tan line of the brunet's milky white asscheeks.

Just as soon as Pedro's thick lips touched Justin's cock, the thin mustache tickled, and Justin couldn't hold back.

With the taste of Pedro's cum in his mouth, and with his prick in Pedro's mouth, Justin moaned softly. Gobs of hot cum spurted out of Justin's cock, and he watched Pedro swallow the load.

All the while Pedro's cock stayed hard.

Pedro took his mouth off Justin's cock. "I want to fuck that cute ass of yours." "I don't think there's time."

Pedro hurriedly mounted Justin's ass. Justin loved the contrast of the olive skin against his torso.

"Fuck me, hombre. Fuck my ass." Pedro lubed his prick with spit and pushed inside Justin's asshole.

"Oh, yeah. That's it, what I want. Fuck me, hombre. Fuck me rough."

Pedro moaned and spoke Spanish while he fucked his stiff cock all the way in, and nearly out, then deep inside again.

Justin rotated his hips, pushing back at the Latino's invading fuckmeat.

"More, hombre. Harder. Fuck me harder."

Pedro gasped for breath. His throbbing cock exploded, filling Justin's guts with hot cum.

"Oh, man. So good. So fucking good." Justin's sphincter clamped around Pedro's cock and drained all the cum out of his balls.

Justin sighed when the big cock plopped out of his asshole. He noted the time on his watch. "Oh, shit, I've got to run or I'll miss the bus."

Pedro retrieved the marijuana roach and he fired it again.

Justin took a quick hit. He laughed, thinking of that Chinese saying he heard in high school, which he repeated aloud, "If you screw on ground, you have peace on earth."

Pedro smiled.

"Where's the bus depot?"

"Just down the street, around the corner to the left."

Justin kissed Pedro on the mouth, feeling the tickle of his mustache.

The last of the passengers were climbing aboard when Justin breathlessly arrived.

Sitting in the back seat of the bus, Justin caught his breath. "Oh, no!"

he said aloud. The money, his fifty-dollar jackpot wasn't in his Levi's.

Pedro wasn't only an asshole bandit, he'd robbed him of his money.

As the sun set in the Sierras, the bus groaned along the highway. Justin was awed by the most spectacular view he'd ever seen in his life, the forest and streams, the majesty of the Sierras.

He thought of Pedro and felt super horny. In the twilight while the bus groaned along in the mountains, Justin rubbed his stiff prick inside his Levi's. Alone in the back of the bus, Justin took out his fucker. He could still taste the hunky Latino's cum in his mouth, he could still feel the cum squishing around in his ass.

Maybe Pedro was more desperate, needed the money to live on. Although Justin was flat broke, he didn't worry, feeling certain he could get a job in Frisco.

He concentrated on the image of Pedro sucking his cock, coming in Pedro's mouth, then getting fucked on the ground. Just thinking about being fucked by Pedro, his groaning, his sweaty body, his musky body odor, Justin jacked on his prick.

The familiar feeling buzzed in his balls, then tingled at the base of his cockhead, and the hot cum oozed out of his piss slit.

Justin licked the cum off his fingers. He tasted his own cum mingled with that of I Pedro, the hot Latino.

While the bus cut into the night, Justin closed his eyes.

Ghosts drifted in and out of his dreams. He wanted to suck and fuck, to be sucked and fucked by every hot man there was.

CHAPTER FIVE

It was midnight when the bus sped along the upper deck of the Bay Bridge.

Justin noted the Union Oil 76 clock tower, eerie in the wisps of fog. A blanket of silver mist hovered over the city. From pictures he'd seen Justin recognized Coit Tower, the Trans American Pyramid, and the tallest structure jagging the skyline, the Bank of America building. He heard the somber rhapsody of the foghorns of ships in the bay.

San Francisco was a magical city, ghostly in the misty fog. It was now September, the real summer month in the city. San Francisco, surrounded by water on three sides, with fog that cooled it after sundown. That's what Justin had read about it, the city with a past, with ghosts from the Gold Rush days. Now it was a modern cosmopolitan city for lovers, like Paris, only this city was the mecca for gay men who came from all over the country.

Justin got off the bus and he waited for his suitcase to be unloaded. He sat down in one of the plastic chairs.

"Where are you from?" the fat man seated in the chair beside him asked.

"Iowa."

"I've driven through there. Lots of fucking cornfields. Are you waiting for someone?"

"Just my luggage."

"They're so Goddamn poky, it will probably take all fucking night. How about going for a drink?"

"I could use one after being on the bus for two days and two nights."

"Jesus. They came faster with the fucking covered wagons."

Some old woman seated in the chair on the other side of them said, "Watch your language or I'm going to call the security guard."

The fat man got up. "Who's talking to you, you boozed up old witch?"

"Your language is offensive," the woman said.

The fat man grabbed his crotch. "Suck my prick."

The woman went off in a huff.

Justin laughed.

"Let's shove."

Justin followed the fat man to a car that was parked on Mission Street.

It was a dented Olds that coughed and choked before the engine started.

"What's your name, baby?"

"Justin. Yours?"

"They call me Ma. I used to work in a locker club when this was a Navy town, before the ships all went to Long Beach. All the seafood called me Ma. I used to let them sleep in the TV lounge. I gave them something to eat, then I ate them."

"You're uh, gay?"

"The bitches on the Street call me the Fat Fairy, but I was Ma to my sailor trade."

Ma parked the car, and they went to his digs, two rooms in a ramshackle building.

Inside, Ma turned on a stereo system that flooded the place with music.

Someone hit the wall next door, but Ma didn't turn down the music.

Ma got two cans of beer out of the fridge. Justin sat down on the couch and Ma sat next to him. Justin sipped the beer.

"What do you do?"

"I go down on you."

Justin snickered. "I mean, now that the ships are gone."

"I travel. I've got disability pay from the Navy. I drove back to Boston this summer. I leave San Francisco, but I always come back. This old building is going to be torn down soon. I went to San Diego, but a maniac Marine stabbed my gay sister who lived across the hall. I got spooked and came back to Frisco."

"Are you from Boston?"

"Un-huh. I've been away all summer. I kept a trick list, name of the kid, what we did, how much it cost. I had nearly a hundred boys on that list.

The pigs stopped me and checked me out for hanging around the bus depot.

They took away my trick list."

Justin gulped the beer and stretched. "Are you hungry?" Ma asked. "Sort of."

Justin watched Ma take a loaf of French sourdough bread out of the fridge. He tore it open and filled it with cheese. Justin chowed down on the sandwich, surprised at how delicious it was. He washed it down with the beer.

"You need a place to crash, right?" Justin nodded.

"You can stay here tonight."

"Thanks."

Ma pulled down the Murphy bed attached to the closet door.

Justin took off his clothes down to his Jockey shorts. He lay on the bed, listening to the loud stereo music.

Ma plopped clown on the bed and grabbed the bulge in Justin's shorts.

Justin moaned. It felt good being sprawled out on a bed again. It felt good knowing Ma was going to suck his cock.

Ma peeled off the white Jockey shorts. He bugged the boy beside him, his hands roaming all over the boy's body.

Justin's cock got rock hard. "Suck my prick, Ma..."

"That's what I intend to do, baby." He held the boy's head on his chest.

"Suck Ma's tit."

Justin bit his lip to keep from laughing. He figured, why not? He sucked on Ma's right nipple, which got hard.

"Ohhh, oooh," Ma said. "Suck my tit make me hot."

Justin nursed Ma's nipple. The drum music on the stereo pounded inside his head.

"Sit on Ma's chest."

Justin straddled the man's chat. Ma took the boy's hard cock and he rubbed it between the folds of fat on his chest.

Justin felt his pre-cum leaking, sticky on Ma's chest.

Ma lifted his head and his thick lips engulfed the boy's fucker.

Justin hung onto the metal at the top of the bed and rammed his cock in and out of Ma's hot, wet mouth.

Ma gagged and slurped.

"Oh, yeah. Suck it, Ma. Suck my big cock. Suck my prick till it comes."

Justin's cock became concrete hard. He screamed and blasted bolts of hot cum into his cocksucker's mouth.

Ma swallowed several times, gagging and snorting, but managing to eat every drop of the boy's hot fuckjuice.

Justin took his cock out of Ma's mouth and rolled over onto his back.

"You shoot a mean wad."

"All that cheese went to my prick," Justin said.

Ma caressed him until the man's breathing became even and he dozed off.

Justin listened to the disco beat of the music on the stereo and his mind went blank.

Several hours later Justin awoke with Ma down on his cock, sucking it, coaxing the cum out of his balls by massaging his balls in their sac.

Justin opened his eyes. The music was still blasting from the stereo.

Sunshine filtered through the torn window shade.

"Oh, yeah. Feels good, Ma. Keep sucking my cock." Justin rubbed his cocksucker's head while he thrust his cock in and out of Ma's mouth.

Ma took his mouth off the boy's cock and he jerked it, pulling the skin up and down over the cockhead.

Justin thrust his pelvis, fucking the hot hand.

"I'm usually just a blow queen. But your prick's so big and hard. I want to feel it up my shitter."

Before Justin could reply, wondering how he could fuck those big buns, Ma was lying on his side, guiding Justin's stiff fuckmeat into his already

greased asscrack.

Justin cuddled up to Ma's back. He was surprised at how hot and tight the fat guy's asshole was. Ma's hungry asshole rotated, sucking the boy's prick halfway up his shitter.

Justin held onto Ma's body and pounded his prick into the man's ass. His balls slapped wildly against Ma's flabby asscheeks.

"Oh, fuck me, baby. Fuck Ma's ass. I love it. I love your big cock up my shitter."

Justin figured any hot manhole was for fucking. He slammed his prick in and out of Ma's butt. He increased the fucking tempo, his prick stabbing in and out of the man's hot fuckhole.

"Do it, baby." Ma moaned loudly. "Fuck Ma's coozie. Shoot your big load inside me."

Justin closed his eyes and thought about Jimmy the butch airman on the bus, how he'd been the hottest number Justin ever had.

Ma bucked back roughly at Justin's invading fuckmeat. "Shoot it, baby.

Shoot your wad in Ma's coozie."

Justin was beyond the point of no return. Lost in the music and the fantasy of fucking the airman, the boy felt his cock become steely hard and spurt. He shot buckets of hot cum inside Ma's fuckhole.

"Oh, Christ! Jesus! What a good stud you are. I can feel your cum filling my butt. Don't take it out yet."

Justin lay still against Ma's hairy back, still connected inside the man's hairy butt.

Ma's right hand was busy pumping his prick.

"Play with my balls while I beat off." Justin rubbed the huge balls that were hard inside their ballsac.

Ma's body shuddered while he continued jacking off, with his sphincter tightly clamped around the boy's stiff cock.

"Oh, shit. I'm going to come. Squeeze them hard."

Justin listened to Ma's heavy breathing and felt the man's sweaty torso against his body.

"Here it comes. Oh, God. Oh, Jesus." Justin felt Ma's asspucker shudder around his cock, then his prick fell out of the man's hot shitter.

Ma lay flat on his back and the slimy cum oozed out of his stubby cock.

Justin lay on his side with his head propped up in his hand.

Ma reached over and rubbed his sticky hand all over Justin's cock and pubic bush.

"You're something else, baby." "So are you." Justin smiled. Ma leaned over and went down on Justin's cock. He cleaned all the slime off the boy's fucker, then deep-throated it.

Justin's cock stiffened. He fucked Ma's hot mouth, but knew he was too spent from the blowjob and fucking to get his rocks off again right away.

He pulled his prick out of Ma's mouth. "I've got to take a leak."

Ma opened his mouth. "I'll be your toilet, baby. Piss in my mouth."

"Are you serious?"

"Oh, shit yes. I want to drink your piss." Crouched on his knees in the bed with his prick in hand, Justin let go when a couple drops of golden fluid onto Ma's tongue. A steady stream of foamy piss splashed into Ma's mouth.

Ma swallowed quickly but the fountain of golden piss was too fast and flooded his mouth. Piss splashed into Ma's eyes, ears and nose and soaked his hair.

Justin got up. He watched Ma wallowing around in the piss-soaked bed like a hog in the mud. That was what Ma really wanted, be figured.

Ma drifted off to sleep, shoring in the smelly piss-soaked bed.

Justin dressed and split.

CHAPTER SIX

The sun burned off the morning fog. It was an Indian summer day in San Francisco.

Justin asked directions and found Polk Street. There were bars, restaurants and shops.

Lots of young men hung around on the street, skin everywhere, bunks with their tight Levi's, sans shins, with muscular bodies.

Justin knew that some of these studs were hustlers. He knew that he was good-looking he could tell by the attention he got from other men. There were so many types of men that were appealing. Justin thought of himself as a stud just out of high school, ready for the gay world.

Surrounded by all the hot masculine flesh, Justin still felt alone. He couldn't imagine hanging out on the street and selling his ass. Even with rampant unemployment, he thought that he could get a job if he really wanted one.

His stomach growled. Maybe hunger was a stronger drive than sex, Justin thought. He was stone broke. He stopped in a place called Mac's Diner.

"Have you got any work? I'll wash dishes, anything for a meal."

The short man wearing a white apron stared at the boy. "With your looks, you're hungry?"

Justin shrugged his shoulders.

"Tell you what. The storeroom's a mess. Still interested?"

"Sure." Justin went to work straightening up the room, lining up the food items on the shelves, the paper supplies. He got a bucket and mopped the floor. The room looked like a hurricane had hit it, not to mention what the department of health might say about the gunk on the floor.

Mac came into the storeroom. "I don't recognize the place anymore. Come and sit at the counter."

Justin sat down and ate the hearty meal of meat loaf, mashed potatoes with thick brown gravy, and peas. The meat loaf was sort of tough and looked like it could glow in the dark. The peas tasted out of the can.

But the gravy was super and Justin soaked it up with some bread.

"If business was better, I'd hire you. But the summer trade is over. Too much competition from the fast-food joints with their plastic food."

"Thanks for the meal."

"You're really not a hustler?" "Nope."

"Then you're new in town, right?" "Un-huh."

"Say, maybe I can help you out. If you're serious about a job..."

"Yup."

"A friend of mine runs a department store down the street. His stock boy just quit, went back to college."

"I'll do any kind of honest work."

"Let me get on the horn."

Justin watched and listened to the man on the phone.

Mac hung up. "He still needs help. He wants to talk to you. His name is Ray Gold, the store is Gold's, the big store in the next block on the other side of the street. Can't miss it."

"Gee, thanks."

In the office at Gold's, Justin filled out a job application. He figured the man was gay like Mac, because of the way the man eyeballed him.

Gold looked at the piece of paper and he looked at Justin. "I'm going to take a chance on you. Pay's only minimum wage, but you can work your way into a better job if you want to. I'll expect your best."

"You got it," Justin said. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow morning, nine to five."

"I'll be here. And thanks. Oh, there's one more thing. I hate to ask, but since I'm new in town and not really settled, could I have a small advance?"

"I don't loan money." Gold stared at the boy. "You're better looking than most boys on this Street."

"I'm not a hustler."

"Hey, I didn't say that. It's just that a lot of boys, you know, take it in the head to make money." Gold chuckled. "I'm gay and I think you're a doll. I don't often mix business with pleasure, but you're an exception."

I'd give you the going rate, say thirty bucks?"

"I said I'm not a hustler."

"I'm sorry if I insulted you. It's just that, well, you are nice to look at."

"So are you. I think sex should be free. All I wanted was an advance. I think you're a hot man." Gold stood up behind his desk. He grabbed his crotch. "Look what you did to me."

"I could undo it," Justin said.

Gold locked the door to his office. "Suck my cock, Justin. I want to feel your lips around my cock."

Justin thought his new boss was a foxy daddy type, about forty with black hair, graying at the temples, brown eyes, a hard body inside a three-piece suit.

Justin took out Gold's cock, a big piece of fuckmeat with a vein that ran the length of it.

Gold leaned on the edge of the desk. He rubbed Justin's curly hair. "Suck my cock, boy. Suck it till it comes."

Justin gripped gold's prickshaft just below his cockhead. He swabbed his tongue across the man's rosy cockhead, darting his tongue into his stud's piss slit.

Gold moaned. "Take it in your mouth, pretty boy. Suck my cock."

Justin's lips fastened around Gold's cockhead. He sucked on the man's bulbous cockhead while he jacked on his prickshaft.

The boy took Gold's hairy balls out of the fly and sucked on one ball, then the other while he continued jacking on his cock.

"Put it back in your mouth and suck it, pretty boy."

Justin held Gold's fuckmeat by his cockhead and tongued his prickshaft, doing a butterfly flick which drove Gold wild. He licked the big vein.

Then he engulfed the man's cockhead and prickshaft, swallowing his cock all the way down to the balls.

Gold pulled the boy's curly black hair and started pumping his prick in and out of the boy's mouth.

Justin gagged when Gold's giant cock tickled his tonsils, but he was determined to stretch his throat muscles and continued deepthroating the man's rubbery cock.

Gold was getting closer to coming. He took shorter and faster strokes, mouth-fucking the boy.

Justin slurped and kept his lips riveted to the prick that rammed down his throat.

"Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. Oh, Christ. Here it comes, pretty boy. Take it. Take my cum. Take it all."

Justin felt Gold's big cock become rock hard, then burst in his throat, throbbing and blasting gobs and gobs of hot fuckjuice that flooded his mouth. He gulped and gulped but couldn't swallow the complete load, which trickled out of the sides of his mouth.

Gold panted and pulled the boy's hair. "Swallow it, pretty boy. Swallow my cum."

Justin gagged from the huge cock that snaked down his throat. He took his mouth off the man's cock and belched a pool of cum onto the floor.

"That was good, so good. Clean up my cum off the floor. Do it with your tongue."

Justin lapped up the pool of spilled salty, creamy cum off the floor.

Gold zipped his monstrous prick back into his fly. "Now we're on an even keel again."

"You mean you are."

Gold looked at the pulsating prick that tented inside the boy's Levi's.

"Do me, boss. Take care of my horny prick."

Gold kneeled down on the floor. He unbuttoned the denims, then took out the boy's cock.

"What a cock!"

"It's yours to suck, boss."

Gold licked Justin's crimson cockhead.

Justin slid his Levis and shorts down around his knees.

"I shouldn't do this to an employee."

"Says who? Suck my cock, man. Suck the cum out of it." Justin felt a sense of power, like he was the boss, ordering the man to suck him off.

Gold grabbed the boy's cock and he guided it between his lips. He sucked slowly, taking the boy's swollen prick all the way down his throat.

"Ummm. That's good. Keep sucking, boss."

Gold's nose nestled in the boy's wiry pubic bush. The boy's cock was buried in his throat. Gold stuck the middle finger of his left hand up the boy's ass and he finger-fucked the boy while he sucked his cock.

Justin noted the silver wedding band on Gold's finger, and realized that his boss was a married man.

Gold sucked faster and faster now, with a firm hand on Justin's prickshaft and his mouth bobbing up and down on the boy's cockhead.

"Suck me, boss. Keep sucking. Oh, yeah. I'm coming!"

Justin's rock-hard prick throbbed in Gold's hot mouth and filled it with scalding cum.

Gold pulled his finger out of the boy's butt. He swallowed several times and ate all of the teenager's cum.

"Now we're both on an even keel," Justin said, buttoning up his fly.

Gold rubbed his shit-stained finger on the boy's lips, then poked it inside the boy's mouth.

Justin cleaned the shit off his boss's finger. Gold smiled. "I still expect you to work for your salary, Justin."

"Count on it."

Gold rubbed his hands together. "Know what I like about you, besides your willing attitude?"

"Yeah, my big prick."

"That, too. But your eyes. They're so green, so mysterious, like a cat's."

Justin smiled.

"Now get out of here. I've got work to do. You'll find out the meaning of that word tomorrow." Gold took thirty bucks out of his pocket and gave it to the boy. "This is an advance to eat on."

"One more thing. I'm making arrangements for you to stay at the Y on the waterfront. You'll like it there..."

"Thank you, Sir."

Justin went to the bus depot, got his suitcase, and located the Embarcadero Y.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Justin checked into the Y. His room was on the seventh floor at the end of the hall. From the window was a view of the Embarcadero freeway, and he heard the cars whizzing by.

Justin wanted to explore his new home right away. He put a towel around his neck and headed for the showers. No one was there. He took the stairs down to the sixth floor. Nothing.

In the fourth-floor shower-room he heard water running and saw billows of steam.

Justin stripped out of his clothes and he went into the shower.

Two men were visible in the shower. Justin turned on the faucets and he stood under the spray of warm water. He lathered his body with soap. He couldn't see clearly, but could feel the other men's gazes on him.

The bald man came over with soap and he scrubbed Justin's back. The thin man soaped Justin's crotch.

Justin's prick stiffened. The man who'd soaped Justin's crotch rinsed it under the spray of water, then took the boy's cock into his mouth. The bald man continued to massage the boy's torso. He sucked on the boy's left tit and nibbled on his nipple. Justin felt a tingling sensation shoot through his chest.

Justin moaned while the bald man sucked his tits and the other man sucked his cock.

The thin man took his mouth off Justin's fucker. He licked on the boy's ballsac, taking both hard balls into his mouth.

The bald man knelt down on the other side of the boy. He spread the boy's asscheeks and darted his tongue inside the boy's fuckhole.

Justin was getting serviced on both sides at once. He wondered how these men could suck and breathe at the same time with the water splashing them.

The thin man went to work on Justin's cock again like a blowfish. His head bobbed up and down on the boy's cock.

Justin thrust forward and mouth-fucked the thin man. And he bucked backward at the tongue that rimmed his asshole.

A fat hairy man entered the shower. He had a short stubby cock that he jacked on while he viewed the sucking of the boy's cock and asshole in the steamy shower.

"Suck that boy's cot," the fat hairy man said in a raspy voice. "Eat his ass, man."

Justin's cock was ready to dump its load. He grunted and spewed gobs of hot cum down the thin man's throat.

His asshole shuddered when he shot his wad, and the bald man's tongue continued to lap at the boy's asspucker.

The bald man and the thin man stood up beside Justin. Justin kneeled down and grabbed both of their hard pricks, one hot cock in each hand. The bald man's cock was short and fat the thin man's cock was long and thick.

Justin moved away from the direct spray of the shower. He guided both cocks into his mouth at the same time. This was the first time he'd ever had two cocks in his mouth at the same time.

The fat hairy man stood on the sidelines and pumped his prick. "Do it, kid. Suck both cocks at the same time."

Justin licked at both juicy cockheads. He caressed both prick shafts as they fucked into the corners of his mouth. He swabbed his tongue over both pieces of hot fuckmeat.

"Oh, Jesus, I'm coming," the thin man said.

"Wait for me," the bald man said. "I'm almost ready." He took his prick in hand and jacked on it.

"Shoot all over the kid's face," the fat hairy man said.

The thin man's cock blasted its load into the boy's mouth, and cum dribbled down his chin.

The bald man's exploding cock didn't reach the boy's mouth in time. Gobs of hot cum shot all over the boy's face and hair.

Justin gulped, swallowing most of the thin man's salty load. The bald man's cum tasted bitter.

Justin stood under the shower and washed the cum off his face and out of his hairs.

"Let's go to our room." The bald man squeezed Justin's cock. "Okay, baby butch?"

Justin nodded. They towed off, cinched the towel around their waists, grabbed their clothes and left the showers. The fat hairy man tagged along, still holding onto his cock. "Let me watch. Oh, please," the fat, hairy wan begged at the door.

Inside the double room, the bald man lay down on the bed. "Are you guys lovers?" Justin asked. "For thirteen years," the thin man said. "I was nine at the time."

"C'mon. I wish to God I was only thirty," the bald man said.

"Did you guys come here to dish or fuck!" the fat hairy man said.

"Get back into your confessional, Father Mary," the bald man said. "It just happens to be the end stall at the Transbay Terminal I heard."

The thin man took a tube of K-Y and he lubed his lover's butt, Justin's fucker and his own cock.

"You go first," the thin man said to the boy.

Justin crawled between the bald man's legs and guided his fucker into the greased asshole.

"Ummm. That's it, baby butch. Fuck my ass."

Justin pushed inside to the hilt and started to fuck the bald man's ass.

He was surprised when the thin man mounted him and stuck his prick into the boy's butt.

"Ah, the trinity," Father Mary cheered from beside the bed as he madly pumped his prick.

Justin fucked the bald man's butt while the thin man plowed Justin's ass.

It felt good to fuck an ass and get your own ass stuffed with cock at the same time.

Justin took short, fast, strokes into the bald man's well-fucked asshole.

The thin man took long, deep strokes into Justin's ass.

"Fuck those asses, men," Father Mary chanted. "Fill those buns with hot cum."

Justin fucked the bald man's ass and bucked back at the cock that rammed his own ass. The thin man increased the fucking tempo, battering Justin's ass.

The bald man moaned. The thin man panted. Eater Mary mumbled something that sounded like a litany in Latin.

Justin grunted. "Here it is. Take it, man. Take my cum up your ass."

The thin man grunted at the same time and his cock exploded, gushing hot cum into the boy's ass.

Justin emptied his balls into the bald man's ass while the thin man came in Justin's shitter.

The thin man pulled his prick out of the boy's butt.

Father Mary came over and sucked the load of fuckjuice out of Justin's butt.

Justin roiled off the bald man.

Father Mary spread the bald man's asscheeks and he sucked the boy's jism out of the man's ass.

The thin man washed off his cock at the sink in the corner. "Oh, Jesus, I don't want to watch that. She's so hungry, she'll suck used cum out of assholes. Gimme a break!"

Justin watched Father Mary clean out the bald man's asshole.

Father Mary turned the bald man over onto his stomach, then went down on his cock, sucking like crazy.

Justin watched Father Mary suck the bald man's cock, deep-throating it and furiously jacking on his own prick at the same time.

"I'm ready, Father Mary. Here's your fucking holy communion."

Father Mary sucked faster and gobbled up every drop of the bald man's load. At the same he shot his own wad onto the sheet.

After taking his mouth off the bald man's cock, Father Mary lapped up his own pool of slimy cum on the sheet.

"That's four loads of cum, whore," the thin man said, dressing. "Six hundred calories, no wonder you're so fucking fat..."

Father Mary grinned, licking his chops.

Justin pulled on his clothes.

"I'm going to take a walk," the thin man said, leaving the room.

"She's so jealous," Father Mary said. "I like Twinkie here." He groped Justin as the boy dressed.

"So long, guys," Justin said, closing the door.

Instead of taking the elevator, Justin climbed the stairs. He checked the bathroom on the fifth floor. Empty. On the sixth floor there was a young man taking a leak in the toilet.

Justin stood next to the blond dude in his early twenties. He pulled out his prick it was still too stiff to piss.

The blonde dude was mesmerized by the boy's cock. The more he stared at it, the harder it got.

Without saying a word, the blonde went down on Justin's cock and hungrily sucked it.

Justin didn't have a chance to clean the ass juices and cum stains off his cock but the blond didn't mind.

Justin saw another man come to a nearby urinal and take a piss. The blond didn't stop sucking and didn't even look up at the intruder.

The old man watched the blowjob being given nearby while he pissed. He flushed the toilet and left.

Justin was surprised that there was still cum in his balls. He grabbed the blond's head and roughly shoved his prick down the man's throat.

"Here it comes, cocksucker."

The blond sucked faster and faster. Justin tensed his thighs and the cum spewed out of his balls, rushed up his prickshaft, and into the cocksucker's mouth.

The blond didn't say a word. He just walked over to the sink, spit the load out of his mouth and washed the jizz down the sink.

Maybe he's on a diet, Justin thought. He went back to his room on the top floor.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Gold's was the biggest family-owned store on Polk Street, surviving among the invading chain stores. There were departments for men's, women's and children's clothing, shoes and notions.

Justin was glad to have a job and determined to keep it. He listened closely while Ray Gold explained the stock boy's duties. Since most merchandise, except for shoes, notions and off-season stored merchandise, was on display, Justin's main duty was to mark incoming merchandise, printing tickets on a machine and to stock the items on the display tables racks. There were some light janitorial duties like keep the bathrooms clean.

"I'd like you to help out some in the men's and boys' clothing department when you're not busy, so you can learn about the business. That's the way I started."

"Yeah, but you were the owner's son," Justin said.

"Well, you're part of the family now." Gold ran his hand across the boy's asscheeks.

Justin kept busy and worked bard. He liked the other employees and learned about the pecking order right away, about the feud between the older men's clothing salesman and the younger shoe salesman. Old Mr. Gold came into the store to keep an eye on rite business, but he usually sat down in a chair in the shoe department and dozed.

It was while Justin was filling the tissue racks, in the men's room that be came across the idea. There was a small hole in the wooden partition in the stall where the bracket for toilet paper rolls had been replaced by the tissue container. Although Gold's catered to family business, there were plenty of hot studs who stopped to shop, and some used the john.

Among the tools in the storeroom, Justin located a small saw. He returned to the men's room, removed the tissue tack, widened the other tiny hole to

about three inches in diameter, and hung the tissue container back over it.

The stall was adjacent to the urinal. Sure it was risky and Justin could lose his job if caught. But he could also follow a hot man into the bathroom. Justin could sit on the seat, remove the tissue container and there was a glory hole.

Just like now. A hunky Levi-clad customer went into the men's room.

Justin followed discreetly.

The stud was washing his hands at the sink across from the stall. Justin entered the stall. He removed the tissue container.

The stud stepped to the urinal, unreeled his big cock and pissed.

Justin watched through the hole. He coughed to get the stud's attention.

When the stud gazed at the glory hole, he could see Justin jacking on his prick.

Justin watched the swarthy stud's prick stiffen. He bent over and put his lips at the hole.

The hard cock shoved through the hole right into the teenager's hot mouth.

Justin sucked on the stud's throbbing fucker. He tongued the cockhead inside his mouth. He tongued the guy's prickshaft as it rammed down his throat.

The stud moaned. "Oh, God, not so rough. You're biting me."

Justin curled his lips around the teeth. "Ah yeah. That's better. Suck me, man." Justin deep-throated the stud's prick like he was doing a sword-swallowing act. He thought about the prick which he figured measured seven inches in his throat. It was tender and juicy, this tube steak.

The stud rotated his hips and rammed his fucker in and out of the glory hole, ramming his fuckmeat down Justin's throat.

Justin could tell by the steely hard cock and the heavy breathing that the stud was ready to come.

Justin clamped his lips around the shaft of the stud's exploding cock that shot bolts of hot cum down his throat and filled his mouth with salty goo. The stud pulled his prick out of the glory hole, stuffed it back in his Levi's and buttoned up.

Not a moment too soon, because someone entered the men's room.

Justin could see through the crack in the stall door that it was an old man who washed his hands at the sink.

He quietly replaced the tissue container over the glory hole. When the old man left the John, Justin remained seated on the stool. He could still taste the briny cum in his mouth. His cock pulsated and he knew it wouldn't go down until he jacked off.

Closing his eyes, Justin thought about the veiny hot fucker, the rosy cockhead that had poked through the glory hole and buried itself down his throat. He thought about the heaving hairy balls which had spewed their fuckjuice inside his mouth.

Justin jacked his prick. He spat the residue of cum from the blowjob into his hand. He lubed his prick and slowly stroked it. He could feel again the hard cock ramming down his throat. He could hear the stud gasping for breath. He could sense the danger, the thrill of sucking cock, the chance that someone would intrude on the scene and see the blowjob in progress, even now the jackoff in progress.

He pounded his prick faster and faster pulling the loose skin up around his crimson cockhead, creating fever heat with his hard balls in their ballsac. Justin grunted and a wad of jizz coated his cockhead and dripped down his prickshaft onto his fingers.

Justin licked the creamy cum off his fingers. He tasted his own cum mixed with the other stud's inside his mouth. It tasted bittersweet and delicious.

He splashed cold water onto his face at the sink, and he felt refreshed.

In the back room at the marking machine, Justin printed the codes and priced on pin tickets, string tickets, gum tickets and attached them to the merchandise which he stocked.

Already it was closing time. The clerks covered the merchandise with sheets. They got their coats and things from the closet in the back room.

And Gold locked the door.

Justin straightened up the stuff on the marking table. He was sorting the type for the marking machine when the boss came up behind him.

"It's time to go home, kid."

"Yeah, I'm finished," Justin said. "How am I doing?"

"Just fine. It'll all be second nature before long."

Justin felt the hard cock press against his buns and into his asscrack.

He backed up against the stiff fucker and wiggled his hips.

"God, you've got the most maddening ass. Just looking at it makes me hot."

"Want to fuck it?"

"Oh, shit, yes."

Justin turned around and kneeled down on the floor. He took out Gold's big, hard, throbbing prick. He encircled his lips around it.

"Jesus. Oh, Christ. If you keep that up, I'll shoot off right away."

"Just wanted to make sure you were ready." Justin unfastened his. Levis and he slid them down over his hips.

Gold pulled down the teenager's white Jockey shorts.

Justin leaned over the edge of the marking table. He expected to feel the big hot cock slither into his asshole and spurt off on the way inside because it was so hot and hard. Instead, he felt Gold's tongue lap at his asscrack and dart into his asshole.

"Eat out my ass, boss. Rim it good before you fuck it."

"Oh, Justin. Your ass is so hot. I want to devour it. I want to taste your shit. There, I said it. Fart in my face. And drop a turd down my throat."

"Huh?" Justin looked around at his boss. He couldn't believe the words.

"You want me to shit?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes. Do it for me. Shit in my mouth."

"Jeez. I don't know. That's kind of gross." "Oh, please, I love your ass.

And I want to eat the shit it makes."

Justin decided that Gold was the boss, and if shit was what he wanted, shit was what he'd get. He grunted but only failed.

Gold buried his nose in the teenager's asscrack and sniffed the smelly fan.

Justin strained and a steamy turd slowly descended out of his ass.

Gold's mouth opened and the turd slid down his throat.

Justin couldn't believe it his boss was actually eating shit and enjoying it. Boy, just when he thought he'd seen it all. Life was full of surprises.

Not only did Gold swallow the teenager's turd, he voraciously rimmed the teenager's ass.

"Yeah, boss. That feels real good." Justin still couldn't believe the boss had actually eaten his shit.

Gold's finger replaced his tongue in Justin's butt. He finger-fucked the teenager.

Justin could feel pre-cum leaking out of his prick. His asshole was on fire. "Fuck me, boss. Stick your prick up my ass."

Gold mounted the teenager leaning over the marking table. He guided his hard cock up the teenager's ass.

"That's what I love, a big cock up my ass." "My cock?"

"Yeah, boss. Your cock."

With his cock stuffed up the boy's butt, Gold stuck his finger in the boy's mouth. "Lick it, baby."

Justin licked his own shit off the finger that had been up his ass before he realized what he was doing. The shit tasted like stale peanut butter.

Gold was rutting, cramming the boy's ass with cock.

"Harder, boss. Fuck me harder." Justin gyrated his hips. "Keep fucking me. Don't ever stop."

Gold's prick pumped with piston-like action in and out of the boy's pliant asshole.

"Come, boss. Shoot your cum up my ass." Gold tightly gripped the boy's hips. He took long, deep strokes up Justin's hot, wet asshole.

"Ummm. So good. So fucking good. Faster, boss. Fuck me faster."

Gold reached around and he grabbed the boy's pulsing fucker. He held Justin's hot fuckmeat in his hand and slammed his own cock in and out of the boy's ass.

Justin moaned loudly. And the cum spurted out of his prick and onto Gold's hand and dripped onto the floor.

Gold's fucker became rock hard. He let out a cry. And his hot cum spurted deep into the boy's shitter.

Justin's ass muscles squeezed around the shooting cock, emptying the boss' big balls of their turn.

Gold's cock plopped out of Justin's asshole. Justin stood up, turned around and licked the cum he'd shot onto the boss' fingers. He looked at the cum drops on the floor.

"Better wipe up the scum," Gold said.

"That's my cum you're talking about. You lick it up."

"No, don't make me."

Justin felt a surge of power over the man who'd fucked him. He sensed that what Gold wanted was to be told to do nasty things. He grabbed Gold by the hair and shoved his face into the pool of cum.

"Please don't make me lick the floor, it's dirty."

"My cum is clean. You ate my shit, so eat my cum. Now lick it up."

Gold's tongue lapped up the pool of cum off the floor.

Justin took a deep breath. "I guess I got carried away."

"No, you were perfect," Gold said, arranging his clothes. "I needed that. I deserved that for doing something so nasty."

Justin fucked his flaccid cock back inside his Levi's and he put on his windbreaker.

"Enjoy the weekend," Gold said. "You, too, boss. Goodnight." Justin wondered how Gold could enjoy the weekend, looking at the witch he was married to. He wondered if the money was really worth it.

CHAPTER NINE

Sunday was the loneliest day of the week for Justin. It always had been.

Even as a boy, he hadn't known what to do with Sundays. He'd mown the grass in the summer, maybe gone to a movie. He always seemed to be waiting for something to happen, and it never did.

Now that he was in San Francisco, he thought that he wouldn't ever have to beat off again except by choice. There were thousands and thousands of men who wanted the same kind of sex he did.

Justin dragged his ass out of bed. He cinched a towel around his waist and headed for the showers.

To his surprise, no one was there. He took a leisurely, cold shower, letting the spray of water cascade down his body.

He towed off and went over to the urinals to take a leak.

An old man with snowy hair entered the room and stepped up to the urinal next to Justin. He pulled out his prick and splashed piss into the urinal. Justin figured he might be a straight man.

"That's really a nice big cock you've got," the old man said.

Justin shook off the drops of piss, and his cock stiffened.

"Want me to suck it, baby?" the old man asked. He touched the teenager's cock. Kneeling down on the floor in a puddle of piss, the old man guided Justin's stiff prick between his lips and sucked on it.

Justin put the towel around his neck. He enjoyed the rush of his cock being sucked by the hot, toothless, mouth of the old man.

The old man gasped for air as he hungrily sucked the boy's prick.

"Suck it, Pops. That's it. Suck my cock until it shoots off."

The old man increased the sucking tempo, jerking on Justin's prickshaft while he gummed his bulbous cockhead.

"Oh, yeah. That's good. I'm almost ready to come."

Justin stood still while the old man sucked faster and faster, deepthroating his cock. He wondered if someday he'd be an old man cruising the Y for cocks to suck.

Justin moaned and his cock throbbed in the old man's mouth. He spurted one glob of cum down the old man's throat, then gushed a big load of hot cum that flooded the old man's mouth.

The old man couldn't swallow the whole load, and cum dripped out of the corners of his mouth and fell to the floor.

"What a heavy load! And so sweet. A young boy's cum tastes so sweet."

Justin smiled. His cock stayed hard, even after he got off.

"I'd die happy if you put that big cock of yours up my ass."

Justin wasn't sure what to do. He loved ass of any age. But the way the old man gasped and gagged while sucking him off made him worry that the old man might have a stroke.

The old man dropped his pants and leaned over the urinal. "Fuck me, baby.

Fuck me in the ass."

Justin spat on his palm and lubed his prick with spit. He carefully shoved his fiery fucker into the old man's ass.

"Fuck my ass, baby."

Justin was surprised at how hot and pliant the old man's asshole was. The old man shoved back at the boy's invading prick. Justin held the man's

chalky, veiny asscheeks and got into a steady fucking rhythm.

"Hoo-boy!" The old man moaned and gasped. "Keep fucking my ass until you come."

Justin pumped faster and faster. He felt the jizz rush up his cockshaft from his balls and spurt into the man's fuckhole.

The old man's ass muscles squeezed all the cum there was out of the boy's cock.

Justin's spent prick fell out of the man's fuckhole.

"I'm still a good fuck, right?"

"Sure," Justin said.

The old man turned around and licked the cum and ass juices off Justin's cock.

Justin cinched the towel around his hips. His semi erect cock tented the towel. He was surprised that no one had interrupted them. That didn't really matter at the Y.

As he was leaving the showers, Justin saw the old man kneel down on the floor and lap up the cum that had earlier dripped out of his mouth while blowing him. The cum swirled around in a puddle of piss.

Justin dressed and went to the restaurant downstairs for coffee and a sweet roll. It wasn't busy, just some workers from the post office across the street.

He wandered up Mission Street to the Transbay bus terminal.

In the men's room, he checked out the toilet stalls for glory holes, for Father Mary's confessional.

Sure enough, at the far end there was a huge glory hole in the marble partition. Justin marveled at how it was made.

Justin waited and waited for some action. Just when he was ready to leave, he heard someone enter the next stall.

It was a blond teenaged sailor. Justin's cock throbbed. Maybe the sailor just came into the stall to take a shit.

All doubt was removed when the sailor stood against the marble partition and unbuttoned the thirteen buttons on his uniform pants. He shoved his thick, cut cock through the glory hole.

"Take it, cocksucker." Justin swooped right down on the stiff veiny cock with the big pendulous balls and blond pubic bush.

The sailor held onto the top of the marble partition and lunged forward, thrusting his big cock down Justin's throat.

Justin sucked on the giant cock that rammed deep down his throat. The sailor was too horny and mouth-fucked too fast, too rough. Justin took his mouth off the sailor's cock.

"What's the matter, man? I was about ready to come."

"Want to fuck my ass, sailor?" Justin rubbed spit on his asscrack and shoved his butt against the marble partition.

"I don't care," the sailor said, "as long as it's a hole to come in."

Justin winced when the sailor's huge hard cock stabbed into his asshole.

"Hey, dude, you've got a tight ass."

"It's yours to fuck, sailor." Justin gyrated his hips and fucked back at the hard cock that fucked his ass. He hadn't ever been fucked so fast and so rough. He loved it, the hot teenaged sailor with the big prick, the husky voice that whispered dirty words.

"Oh, shit, man. Motherfucker. Oh, Jesus. Here's my cum, faggot. Take it up your butt."

Justin pressed his hot buns against the cold marble slab and felt the bolts of hot cum that shot into his guts. While the sailor was coming he still worked his throbbing fuckmeat.

Justin's ass was on fire from the burning fuck and the molten cum. He could feel cum dripping out of his asshole when he backed off of the sailor's cock.

"Lick it, fruit. Lick all that shit and cum off my cock."

Justin held the sailor's prickshaft and licked the tangy shit stains and gooey cum off the sailor's big prick. He watched as the sailor buttoned that monstrous prick back inside his uniform pants.

Justin's cock pulsated. It was the danger of fucking in a public place, it was the excitement of a wild, horny sailor in uniform. He sat on the commode and jacked on his cock. "Do me, sailor. Suck my cock."

"I ain't no queer," the sailor said, looking through the glory hole.

"Hey, you're kind of young to be a fag. Usually it's someone old enough to be your father or grandfather."

Justin stuck his cock through the glory hole. He knew he was taking a chance. Maybe the straight sailor would start a fight. That was a chance he was willing to take.

The blond sailor put his lips around Justin's cock.

Justin held onto the top of the marble partition and thrust his cock in and out of the sailor's mouth. The sailor slurped and gagged like an inexperienced cocksucker.

Justin didn't care. He just wanted to come in the butch sailor's mouth.

"That's good. Real good. Suck me till I come."

The sailor sucked with an irregular rhythm which kept Justin from shooting off right away.

But Justin couldn't hold back much longer. The idea of having the hot blond teenaged sailor suck his cock was enough to make him come.

Justin tensed his thighs and his cum gushed into the sailor's mouth.

The sailor took his mouth off Justin's cock. He spat the wad of cum into the commode.

"Why didn't you swallow it?" Justin asked. "Hey, I ain't queer. Only queen eat cum." "I'd like to do what you did to me." "Say what? You mean, hit me in the shitter?"

"Why not?" "I ain't never done that." "I'll be gentle."

"Oh wow, I don't know."

"You won't know if you like it unless you try it."

"I wouldn't have blown you, if you weren't my own age."

"Let me do it, baby. I'll die happy if I can fuck you." He borrowed that line from the old man at the Y, the line that sounded so sincere, like a last request.

"Oh, hell, I'll try anything once." The sailor dropped his uniform pants and skivvy shorts, then put his ass up against the gap.

Justin was really excited about fucking his first sailor, a sailor with a cherry ass he liked his cock with spit. The leaking pre-cum provided more lubricant.

Slowly, gently Justin pushed his prick into the sailor's virgin asshole, past the protesting sphincter. The sailor's butt was so hot, so tight.

The sailor went crazy with a cock up his ass. He moved his butt like a slut and fucked back at the invading cock.

"Man, I don't know what you guys see in this."

Justin smiled because the sailor was fucking back, delirious with the first cock up his ass.

Justin was beyond the point of no return just by shoving his cock into a cherry shitter. His cock throbbed and spurt gobs and gobs of hot cum up the sailor's ass.

The sailor eased off Justin's cock. "It didn't hurt as much as I thought."

"It hurts good once you get used to it," Justin said. "Want to go for coffee?"

"Uh, I'd like to but I got to get back to the ship to stand a watch."

"Do you come here often?"

"Naw, I heard about this place from a buddy aboard ship. I got a couple blowjobs here."

"I'd like to see you again sometime." "Me, too. But we're going on a cruise for six months. The ship's been in homeport in Frisco for sixteen years. Now it's going to be transferred to the East Coast."

"Good luck."

"Thanks, buddy."

Justin watched the sailor arrange his uniform. He wondered if it would always be that way, when he meant someone he liked, they were just passing through town. He didn't even know the blond stud's name. Yet he knew the sexy sailor would drift through his jack-off fantasies for some time in the future.

CHAPTER TEN

Justin accepted the boss' invitation to go out to dinner after work.

Dink's was a posh gay restaurant on Polk Street, with smoky paneled mirrors on the walls. It had a tree branch decor that looked snowy and strands of tiny white lights that looked like Christmas time, candles and white table cloths were on the tables.

"Cocktails?" the swishy waiter asked.

Gold ordered a double Scotch and a beet.

"Beer's for kids. I like booze."

Justin was surprised that there was no ID check. He'd slapped a tenspot tip on the tray.

The waiter was campy, an aging former drag star named Cindy from New Orleans. He dropped his try on the floor and said, "Mr. Gold gave me a tip. Let's all go over to Gold's Department Store and jerk off."

Even in the dim light, Justin could see that his boss was embarrassed.

Justin guzzled three beers before dinner arrived, a thick juicy steak, sliced spuds and veggies.

Gold's embarrassment faded after several double shots of Scotch.

"Drunk?" Justin asked.

"Just high and happy."

Cindy was all over Gold and Justin while they ate.

"Where's Dink?" Gold asked.

"Haven't you heard? He's got AIDS," Cindy said.

"That gay cancer?" Justin asked. "It's killing us gays off like the plague," Cindy said.

"Even the doctors don't know where it comes from or how to treat it," Cindy said.

"He probably got it from the chef," Cindy said. "You know, Carl fist-fucks at the Cauldron, then doesn't clean the shit out from under his fingernails."

Justin looked at his food and felt ready to barf. He just toyed with it.

Gold ordered more beer for Justin, more Scotch for himself after the meal.

Cindy swished up to the table and fluffed his hair with his hand. "Oh, I feel like a million, but I'll take them two at a time."

"That's a lot of meat," Gold said. "Mama always said if you can't find a man with a million bucks, find a million men with a buck," Cindy said.

"You wild whore, you think everyone's gay," Gold said.

"Even the pope's gay. But he doesn't know if he's divine or fabulous."

Cindy walked away, swiveling his hips.

"Is he on some kind of dope?" Justin asked.

"No, he's just very gay. Like me." Dink's got crowded.

"Let's go," Gold said.

"Ready anytime."

Out on the street, it was chilly. After the sun set, the fog moved in.

"Want some more beer?"

"I'm pissed to the tits already." Justin said.

"That's good. Let's go to the tubs and get a steam."

"I've never been to a gay bathhouse."

"You have to see it to believe it."

Gold brought a six-pack of Bud and a pint of Cutty Sark at a Chinese grocery. They took a cab to the North Beach Tubs. In adjoining cubicles, they took off their clothes and wrapped towels around their waists.

Gold led Justin to the showers.

They took quick showers. Justin liked all the attention, the other men who eyeballed him and drooled, envying Gold for having a cute chicken trick.

Inside the wet steam room, Justin sat down on the slimy wooden plank.

Gold kneeled on the floor and swooped down on Justin's cock. Justin leaned back and enjoyed the boss' hot mouth clamped around his prick.

The steam hissed and billowed around them. Justin felt Gold's mouth on his cock and Gold's hands rubbing his thighs. He also felt fingers pinching his tits and massaging his back. Since Gold wasn't an octopus, Justin knew it was a stranger doing all the tit work.

The stranger in the haze licked Justin's left tit and sucked on it. At the same time, Justin could hear the man panting and jerking his own cock.

Gold deep-throated Justin's cock. He tried to stuff Justin's balls into his mouth at the same time, but his throat didn't cooperate.

Gold took his mouth off Justin's cock and he jacked it. He sucked on one ball, then the other one, managing to stuff both of the boy's balls into his mouth.

Gold had Justin's stiff cock and flicked his tongue on his prickshaft. He engulfed Justin's cockhead, and sucked the length of his prickshaft down to

the balls, slurping and gagging.

The stranger was sucking on Justin's left tit, pinching the right one with his left hand and beating his own meat at the same time.

Just in moaned. He felt the buzz in his balls, the rush of cum up his cockshaft, and gushed his wad into Gold's mouth. At the same time, he reached over and touched the cock of the man who'd been doing the tit work on him, and felt the sticky goo ooze out of the man's cockhead. He rubbed cum on the man's hairy chest.

The steam subsided. The man next to them moved away. Gold sat down on the plank beside Justin.

Justin groped him. He leaned over and went down on Gold's towering prick.

He jacked on Gold's cockshaft and licked on his cockhead, darting his tongue into the man's piss slit.

Gold moaned. "Take it down your throat, Justin. Suck it good."

Justin bobbed up and down on Gold's cockhead, and then he deep-throated the man's prickshaft stretching his throat muscles his nose nestling in the thatch of pubic hair.

Gold held the boy's head and pumped his prick as far down the boy's throat as it would go. He let out a grunt.

Justin felt Gold's cock quiver in his throat and spurt hot creamy cum, which he swallowed.

They went into the dry steam room. There was a sling suspended from the ceiling.

A skinny, bearded man was in the sling. An Oriental was ministering to his ass with a fist.

The room reeked of Crisco, poppers and stale piss.

Justin watched with fascination and disbelief as the Oriental with a Crisco lubed hand actually buried his fist into the bearded mans ass.

The Oriental's hand disappeared almost to the elbow up the ass of the man in the sling. With the crackle of Crisco, the Oriental's fist pumped into the bearded man's ass.

The bearded man's cock was shriveled. Justin wondered if the fist buried up the man's ass would come out of his mouth, wondered if the man would shoot off.

A short fat man kept shoving poppers in the face of the fisted man.

Gold and Justin watched the scene, both mesmerized by the fist-fucking.

Justin watched a spray of piss, not cum, arc from the cock of the man in the sling.

Back in Gold's partitioned room, he nipped Scotch and Justin sipped beer.

"Isn't fisting dangerous?" Justin asked.

"I think so."

"God, that bearded lady could sit on a fire hydrant and slowly sink to the ground."

"I'd like to do something different," Gold said.

"You ain't putting your paw up my butt." "Not that."

"Then what? More -- what do you call it -- scat?"

"No. The reason I gave you so much beer."

"That reminds me, I've got to go take a piss."

"Hold on. That's what I'm getting at. I want to drink your piss."

"Gay sex is weird."

"Different from hetero-sex with piss, shit and fisting."

"Why do guys dig piss?"

"You can come only so many times, but you can piss all night, especially after a lot of beer."

Justin dropped his towel and grabbed his cock by the base.

Gold lay down on the thin mattress on the rack.

Justin stood over his boss. In the dim overhead light, he let go with a spray of steamy piss which he aimed into Gold's mouth.

Gold gulped several times but couldn't swallow till the fountain of pee.

Piss splashed all over his face and his hair.

"Piss all over me, Justin."

Justin showered his boss with golden fluid. He pissed all over his chest, his stomach, his arms, his legs, his crotch.

Gold's cock became rock hard in the shadowy cubicle. "Sit on it, Justin.

Sit on my cock."

Justin impaled himself on the boss' hard cock. On the smelly piss-soaked sheet, Justin lifted his ass into the air and bounced up and down on the monstrous cock.

"Fuck it, Justin. Fuck my cock with your hot, tight ass."

Justin increased the fucking tempo, taking the boss' cock all the way up until it almost fell out, and then taking it all the way down to the balls.

Gold jacked on Justin's throbbing prick while Justin moved his ass faster and faster, up and down on Gold's cock.

Pre-cum leaked out of Justin's prick. At the same moment that Justin's cock shot ropes of hot gel all over Gold's stomach, his asshole shuddered. He could feel Gold's cock explode inside him, shooting hot cum into his guts.

Justin rubbed his cum all over Gold's piss soaked hairy chest. He lifted himself up off Gold's softening cock.

They went to the showers. Soaping each other, they washed away the piss and cum smell on their bodies.

"Jesus, it's nearly ten o'clock. I'd better head home before the old lady gets wise."

"Yeah, sure," Justin said, irritated. He refused the boss' offer of a cab ride and said that he wanted to walk back to the Y through Chinatown and get some fresh air.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Walking along Grant Avenue, the main street of Chinatown, Justin looked in the shop windows at the exotic stuff made in the Orient. He'd heard about the violence of the youth gangs, the Wah Ching and Joe Boys. He'd heard about the police raids of mah-jongg gambling parlors.

It was another world with pagoda roofs, exotic food, strange music.

Justin spotted an American soldier in uniform looking at a food display in a store window.

"Weird stuff," Justin said.

The soldier nodded. He was a strapping young hunk with sandy hair and blue eyes. "Chinese food's better in the Orient."

Justin smiled. "Where are you stationed?"

"At the Presidio. But I'm leaving for duty in Germany. All the time I've been in Frisco, I've never seen Chinatown. Spent most of my free time in bars. I decided it was now or never time to see Chinatown."

Justin wasn't sure, but he thought he detected a gleam of lust in the soldier's blue eyes. There was a friendliness about him, but that might be only a cover for loneliness.

"I could use a drink to take off the chili. How about you?" Justin said.

"I figured I'd spend my last night stateside sober. But what the hell."

"Have you ever seen the Embarcadero?"

"It's my favorite part of San Francisco." They walked along together.

Justin stopped in a small grocery to buy a six-pack of beer.

"Any brand you like?" "Anything. Hamm's, Miller's, Coors." Justin bought a six-pack of Miller's tall cans.

Along the waterfront they stopped at an abandoned pier and walked out to the edge.

Justin opened two beers and he handed a can to the soldier.

"To the Bay Bridge... that is the Bay Bridge?" the soldier said, holding his can up in the air.

"Un-huh. And to Germany and how lucky they are to get you. I wish I could, too." The words sort of slipped out.

They drank beer and watched tugboats take a big ship out of the bay to the Pacific.

"On a clear night like this you can see the lights of Oakland they look like twinkling diamonds. That's Treasure Island, where all the seafood is. I mean, the sailors. That's Alcatraz, where they kept Al Capone after he got the syph."

"Are you... gay?"

"I'm happy most of the time," Justin said. As he opened more beer. "Suck up, it's a slow night."

"I've thought about what sex would be like with another man, but I never tried it. All that society crap that says it's wrong."

"Don't knock it unless you've tried it," Justin said.

"I'm not. In fact, I have this fantasy about men. It's more of a wet dream. But I'll never do it."

Justin polished off his beer. "Try it, you might like it."

"With you?"

"Why not? I think you're a helluva sexy stud."

"Me?" the soldier said.

"You're in the right place at the right time. Someone said get her and judge, they did."

The soldier smiled. "You mean, do it here?"

"I've got a room at the Y. We could check you in and then spend the night together. I'll pay for it, I'm a big spender."

"I've got money for a room. I didn't want to spend my last night on the base."

Justin groped the soldier his cock was hard as a rock. He wanted to suck on it right out on the pier under the stars. But he'd prefer to devour the stud in the sack. He wanted to lead this soldier borne by the cock.

Instead they openly drank their third beer on the way to the Y, then set their cans on the ledge.

The soldier managed to get a room on the top floor. Justin paced in front of the elevators, leaking pre-cum, hot for the hunky soldier.

Inside his room, Justin told the GI to lie down on the bed. He slowly undressed the stud to his skivvy shorts, then shed his own clothes.

He rubbed his finger across the name tag on the uniform coat and thought, this Morgan kid is a living fucking doll. Let the Marine Corps build men, I'll take the Army's Morgan.

To Justin's surprise, Morgan grabbed him and pulled him onto the bed.

Justin was naked and could feel Morgan's big prick poking through his shorts.

Morgan held onto Justin and peeled off his own skivvy shorts. Justin stared at the kid's giant uncut cock with the glistening cockhead protruding

through the foreskin.

"Oh Jesus, what a huge cock. I want to get fucked with your big cock, soldier."

Morgan stripped the sheets off the bed and he tied Justin's arms and legs to the bedposts. Justin hadn't expected that, and he was suddenly afraid of what Morgan would do to him. Maybe Morgan was a psycho who hated queers. Maybe he lied about being sent to Germany. Maybe he wasn't even a soldier, but a loony who'd escaped from Napa's sanitarium and killed a soldier and disguised himself in the soldier's uniform.

Justin hadn't turned off the ceiling light, and he could clearly see the wild look in the soldiers eyes.

"Don't hurt me. Please don't hurt me," Justin begged. He struggled but the sheet knots were secure.

"Shut up, punk." Morgan stuffed one of his socks into Justin's mouth.

It was bound to happen sooner or later, Justin figured. If he picked up enough men, he was bound to get a wacko. Honest to God, he couldn't understand that, after the soldier bound and gagged him, his cock was throbbing and leaking pre-cum. Maybe this was a death wish, to be done, in by a husky macho soldier.

Morgan straddled Justin's chest. He took the sock out of Justin's mouth.

He waved his hot pulsing prick in Justin's face.

"Suck it, punk. Suck my cock."

Justin licked the soldier's rosy cockhead. He tasted the slime that leaked from his piss slit. He sucked the knob into his mouth.

Morgan pulled out. He turned around on all fours and nearly sat on Justin's face.

"Eat my asshole, faggot."

Justin was delirious. He liked being dominated by the hot soldier, surrendering himself to the soldier's demands. He lapped at the huge pink balls that dangled above him.

"My asshole, motherfucker. Lick my asshole."

Justin licked the soldier's smooth round asscheeks, then licked his asscrack with its fringe of hair. He lapped at the stud's pink asspucker.

Morgan moaned. "Oh, Jesus, that makes me so hot, so fucking hot. I always wanted to feel a tongue up my butt."

Justin sucked at and tasted Morgan's tangy asspucker. "My cock, soldier.

Take my cock up your hot shitter."

Morgan turned around and slapped Justin across the face. "Shut your mouth, shit face. I don't take pricks up the ass only pussies like you do that."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"Shut the fuck up." Morgan rubbed his big prick against Justin's lips.

Tears streamed down Justin's cheeks, not from the pain of the slap so much as the fear of what this wild, crazy soldier would do to him. He'd surrendered all his personal power to a stranger.

Morgan bent down and kissed away the tears on Justin's cheeks. He lay on top of the bound spread-eagled teenager. Their two hot pulsing pricks rubbed against each other's stomach. Morgan pushed his tongue between Justin's lips.

Justin responded by sucking on the luscious tongue, tasting Morgan's saliva.

Morgan reached down and pinched he Justin's nipples, which sent waves of pain and pleasure shooting through Justin's body.

Morgan again straddled Justin's chest and pushed his cock into Justin's mouth.

Justin sucked on the fiery fucker that slid in and out of his mouth. He slurped and gagged but continued to suck on the stud's spongy cock until it became concrete-hard and erupted its molten cum.

Morgan's spasming cock fell out of Justin's mouth and blasted gobs and gobs of hot cum all over Justin's face.

Justin tasted the delicious salty cum and licked up as much as he could of the gooey stuff on his face.

Morgan's cock stayed hard. Justin licked the last drops off the stud's cockhead. Morgan smeared the sticky cum all over Justin's face.

Justin wasn't afraid anymore. He'd enjoyed every moment of Morgan's sex fantasy that the soldier had finally acted out.

Morgan untied Justin's legs. He lifted them in the air and rubbed his fiery fucker into Justin's asscrack.

"Oh, yes. Oh, Christ, yes. Fuck me, soldier. Stick that big cock up my ass."

Morgan's cock poked at Justin's asspucker. "Spit on it, so it's not so dry." Morgan rubbed spit on his cock and pushed it into Justin's asshole.

Justin wrapped his legs around the soldier's waist.

As Morgan thrust his cock up Justin's ass, Justin moved underneath him, shoving back at the soldier's invading fuckmeat.

"More, Morgan." Justin moaned. "Fuck me hard. Keep fucking me hard."

Morgan fucked faster and faster. "God, your ass is so tight, so fucking tight."

Justin panted as the big fucker plowed his butt. "Come, soldier. Fill my ass with your hot load."

Morgan grunted and fell down on Justin's sweaty torso. His cock spewed scalding cum into Justin's guts.

Justin let out a scream as his cum oozed out of his prick and onto both of their stomachs. Morgan's cock plopped out of Justin's butt, which burned from the hard fucking, and out dripped some of the cum that flooded his ass.

Morgan untied Justin's arms.

Justin fixed the sheets on the bed and turned out the ceiling light. He fell asleep in the soldier's arms, listening to his even breathing.

At gray dawn, Justin felt the soldier's ass pushed up against his cock.

He lubed his cock with spit and gently pushed it inside the soldier's tight fuckhole. Morgan's sphincter stretched to accommodate Justin's cock. Morgan moaned. "Oh, Justin, fuck my virgin ass. I want you to be the first one."

Justin held onto the soldier's hot, sweaty body. Lying on his side, he hooked his right ankle around the soldier's legs and began fucking slowly with long, deep strokes.

Morgan's ass began bucking, pushing back at the invading cock. "Harder, Justin. Fuck me harder. Keep fucking me, so I'll stay fucked."

Justin increased the fucking motion, stroking faster and faster into Morgan's cherry asshole until his prick was steely hard.

"Oh, God, I can feel it. I can feel your cock coming in my ass."

Justin tensed his thighs and grunted, spewing all the cum out of his balls and up the macho soldier's butt.

"Oh, shit. I loved it. I loved getting fucked up the ass."

Justin's cock slipped out of the soldier's spasming butt.

Morgan sighed. "Oh, fuck, I'm coming off. Oh, Jesus H. Christ."

Justin got up out of bed and he tossed the soldier a towel.

Morgan snapped the towel, hitting Justin across the bare ass. He reached for his skivvy shorts and wiped the cum off his stomach.

Morgan looked at his watch. "I'd better be going."

"I wish you didn't have to."

"Don't tempt me. I could go AWOL for a sexy man like you." Morgan grabbed the naked teenager in his arms and kissed him hard on the lips.

Like waking up from a wet dream, Justin was alone again. He lay down on the bed with Morgan's cum-soaked skivvy shorts in his mouth and drifted off to sleep.

CHAPTER TWELVE

At Gold's, Justin started working part-time in the mens' and boys' clothing department, learning about selling merchandise.

The department head was an old man named Lyndon, a crony of the founder of the store and his fishing buddy. The other clerks joked a lot about these fibbing trips in which both men returned shit-faced from drinking all day in the sun at Lake Berryessa.

Lyndon was distinguished looking with silver hair, immaculate in dress except for urine stains around the fly of his trousers which the cleaner couldn't get out.

Lyndon knew the clothing biz inside and out. The first thing he did was pick a pair of the gray knit slacks and a blue shirt from stock for Justin to wear.

"You have to look successful if you want to sell clothes. Clothes make the man."

Justin switched the slacks for a smaller size that clung to his butt and made him look like he was poured into them.

Ray Gold never said anything back to his father's buddy, who was quick to remind him that he knew him when he was still in diapers. But Ray liked emotional scenes and stirred up plenty of shit with some of Lyndon's clerks when things were too quiet. And he encouraged Floyd, the shoe salesman, to continue waiting on a customer, who wanted men's clothing, as well as shoes, which threw Lyndon into a rage because there were Christmas bonuses based on the total sales of each clerk.

Justin was surprised to discover how much better he felt when he wore nice clothes, how it boosted his confidence. And he liked working with the public.

He especially liked to wait on hot men who shopped at Gold's. Like now, he was selling a blond stud some Levi's.

"I like to sit in a tub of hot water and shrink them up until they're ass tight."

"If you've got it, flaunt it," Justin said. "Need any shorts?"

"I don't wear them."

That was obvious from the outline of the big cock in the stud's sexy Levi's cutoffs he was wearing.

"Do you live around here?" Justin asked. He'd watched Floyd sell shoes to women wearing tight shorts and seen how nervous that made him. Justin now felt the same way with a sexy stud.

"I live in Berkeley. I go to Cal." Justin liked the stud's beefy thighs, covered with fuzz, and his tapered legs. His cock stirred in his pants.

"Could I try these on?"

"Uh, sure. Someone's using the dressing room. But you could use the restroom."

Since Lyndon was busy at the front of the store and the boss was out, Justin escorted the blond stud to the men's room. It was store policy to not allow merchandise to be taken into the bathrooms because of shoplifting. But Justin had seen Lyndon tell customers to change clothes there when the cubbyhole dressing room in the corner was already in use.

This was an exception, Justin thought. And he hoped no one noticed him follow along.

Inside the men's room, Justin said, "Excuse me, I have to use the john."

Justin sat on the commode and quietly removed the toilet tissue rack. The stud had to notice the gap, but he said nothing.

Justin's cock leaked pre-cum as he watched the stud step out of his sexy Levi cutoffs. His big cock swayed. Just as Justin had expected, the fuzz on the stud's legs met at his crotch and completely covered his groin.

The college man tried on the tight Levi's.

"They look good on you," Justin said. He freed his cock from his slacks and stroked it.

The college man stared at Justin through the gap in the partition. "I like to bleach them and shrink them and cut them off when they got worn."

Justin didn't answer. He just stroked his prick.

The college man put his cutoffs back on, but he didn't fasten the fly, didn't stuff his stiffening cock inside. Justin kneeled on the floor and opened his mouth at the glory hole.

The college man came over and poked his prick right through the hole, into Justin's hot mouth.

Justin held onto the shaft of the stud's throbbing cock. He licked off the pre-cum on his rosy cockhead.

"Suck my cock, man. Suck it till it comes." Justin fastened his lips around the college man's cock. He slurped and gasped as the man rammed his prick in and out of Justin's hot mouth. He gagged as the big fiery cock rammed relentlessly down his throat.

"Eat my prick, man. Swallow my cum." Justin grabbed the rigid shaft of the kid's exploding cock and clamped his lips tightly around his stud's cockhead.

The college man let out a small cry as his cock pulsated in Justin's mouth and shot bolts of hot cum.

Justin gagged and gulped, but managed to swallow all of the jizz.

Justin stood up at the glory hole, licking his lips, tasting the blond stud's salty jism. He pushed his pulsing cock through the glory hole.

"Ah yeah, that's it." He felt the college man's lips around his cock.

"Suck it, dude."

Justin's fingernails scraped on the wooden panel as he rammed his cock in and out of the hungry mouth.

"Tongue my piss slit," Justin said. "Lick the head of my prick." This college man knew how to follow directions. Justin felt the fiery tongue sink into his piss slit. He felt the tongue roll over his cockhead.

"Lick my cockshaft. Tongue my balls."

Justin moaned as the hot tongue flicked over his cockshaft. He felt the tongue lick his ballsac.

"Oh, shit, that feels good. Get on my cock, man. Suck it all the way down to my balls."

Justin loved the wild cocksucking. He loved the power over another man, to dominate this stud and make him do exactly what Justin wanted done to his cock.

The college man opened his mouth and deep-throated Justin's raging cock, sucking it down to the balls.

Justin slammed his prick roughly in and out of the blond's mouth.

The college man choked and backed off from Justin's shooting cock. Justin blasted gobs and gobs of hot cum that splattered all over his cocksucker's face and hair. The student leaned over and licked the remaining drops of pearly cum off Justin's cockhead.

"Sorry about that," Justin said.

"No problem," the student said. "That's the hazard of biting off more than you can chew."

Justin hoisted his slacks and came out of the stall.

At the sink, the blond wiped the sticky goo off his face and out of his hair.

"I'll buy these Levi's," the blond said.

Justin was relieved that no one had come into the men's room while he was getting it on with the college man.

As Justin wrote up the sales ticket, the blond asked, "What time do you get off work?"

"I think I know a place where you'd dig the action. I'll meet you after work, if you like."

Justin waited on customers and straightened up the stock on the display tables until closing time. He never paid attention to gay dates. Other studs had offered to meet him after work and were no-shows. He figured a heavy cruiser got sidetracked and could meet someone on the way to meeting you.

After work, Justin told the boss that he didn't feel good and was going home to bed. He liked Gold a lot, but he wanted someone who put him first. Meanwhile, he would cruise on his own after work.

As Justin walked down Polk Street, a red Corvette blasted its horn. He recognized the college man, who waved him over.

"I figure you're a glory hole junkie like me." The student laughed. "A guy who goes to the trouble to make a glory hole at work can't be all bad."

"What's your name?" Justin asked, deciding he liked the sexy guy.

"Timothy."

"I'm Justin." He extended his hand.

Tooling down the street, Tim took Justin's hand and placed it on his crotch.

Justin felt Tim's hard cock and took it out of the cutoffs. As they drove across the lower deck of the Bay Bridge, Justin leaned over and went down on Tim's throbbing prick.

Tim moaned and pushed Justin's head down on his cock. "Holy glory hole, Batman. I'm going to come already."

Justin deep-throated the shooting cock that filled his mouth with hot juicy cum. And he felt the car swerve.

"Jesus, I must have crossed three lanes when I came off. Lucky we're still alive."

"Are you from Berkeley?" Justin asked after taking his mouth off Tim's now flaccid cock.

"A real native."

"What are you studying?" "Pre-med to be a croaker like my old man."

They pulled off the I-80 freeway at the University Avenue exit. Tim drove along the Berkeley Marina.

Justin watched the geese and ducks swim around the sailboats and the windsurfers.

They stopped and went into a wooden outhouse. It was empty.

"My home away from home," Tim said. "I've been getting and giving blowjobs here since I was in high school."

A young boy followed them into the bathroom. He stood at the piss trough and took out his cock. Instead of pissing, his prick got hard.

Tim reached over and touched the brunette boy's cock.

"Blow me, man," the boy said. Justin watched Tim go down on the boy's prick. He figured the kid to be just a young teen, but the kid had a man's cock.

The boy groped Justin and took his cock out of his pants. The boy lay down on the concrete floor with Tim's mouth still around his cock.

The boy made a daisy chain and started sucking on Justin's cock.

The high-schooler took his mouth off Justin's cock. "I want you to fuck me in the ass."

Justin watched the boy pull down his jeans. He was wearing a jockstrap.

While Tim sucked off the boy, Justin lay on the other side of the boy on the floor. He rubbed the boy's smooth, firm asscheeks.

Justin spit on his hand, lubed his cock and guided it into the boy's upturned ass.

The boy was delirious. "Suck my cock and fuck my ass at the same time.

Oh, I love it."

Justin plugged his tight ass and felt the boy shove his butt back at him, then lunge his cock in Tim's mouth.

Justin was ready to get his rocks off just watching the boy reach down and jack off Tim, while Tim sucked the boy's cock. And Justin fucked the boy's ass faster and faster.

The cute brunette boy let out a yell. Justin felt the boy's butt spasm and realized he was coming inside Tim's mouth. A wad of cum oozed out of Tim's piss slit.

Justin pushed in to the hilt and gushed his load of cum into the boy's guts. He kept his stiff cock buried in the boy's fuckhole.

Tim took his mouth off the boy's spent cock. He shoved his cock into the boy's face and the boy cleaned the cum off Tim's cockhead with his tongue.

Justin's prick slipped out of the boy's asshole. The boy turned around and licked the cum and shit stains off Justin's cockhead.

Tim spread the boy's asscheeks and tongued his asscrack, sucking Justin's cum out of the boy's butt.

Justin took a fiver out of his pocket and he gave it to the brunette boy.

"Buy yourself another jockstrap."

The boy grinned. He took off his jockstrap and gave it to Justin. "I gotta get home or my old man will kill me."

"I'll give you a lift," Tim said. "Thanks, man." "I've got to move my car. They close the gates at sundown. Coming, Justin?"

"Naw, I think I'll hang around a while." "Sure?" Tim asked.

"Yup. You two go ahead."

Justin came to his senses long enough to realize that he didn't want to get caught with a piece of chicken jailbait, although the kid was shy and obviously experienced.

Sitting on the commode in the stall adjacent to the piss trough, Justin got another bite, so to speak.

An old-timer took a piss while he looked through the giant glory hole at Justin, with his pants down, seated on the throne.

"Want to get that thing serviced?" Justin stood up and poked his prick through the hole.

The old-timer hungrily sucked on Justin's cock, biting it.

"Take out your teeth," Justin said. The old-timer said nothing. He just jacked on Justin's prick for several minutes.

Frustrated, the old-timer left muttering. "You young guys are too full of dope to come. Can't even keep a good hard-on at your age."

Justin laughed. His prick had seen a lot of action that day.

I-I waited a while longer. Another man came in to take a leak, a swarthy stud about thirty who smelled like a brewery.

After the stud pissed, he shook his prick. It became rock hard. Without a word he shoved it through the glory hole.

Justin leaned over and sucked on the man's hard cock.

Another man entered the bathroom. Justin kept sucking the swarthy stud.

He recognized the old-timer who'd given up on the blowjob.

"Ram that cock down the doper's throat. Fuck him in the mouth."

"Get lost," the swarthy stud said to the old-timer. "You'd fuck up a wet dream."

The old-timer left. Justin sucked faster and faster. The stud pumped faster and faster. This was a juicy cock and Justin fastened his hand around the stud's prickshaft.

The stud grunted and flooded Justin's mouth with watery cum, and left the outhouse. The stud's cum tasted bitter, because the stud had been drinking too much. Justin spat the wad of jizz on the wall and it dripped down around the glory hole.

It was getting dark outside, and Justin decided to split. The old-timer was lurking outside the john.

"He left his load on the wall especially for you," Justin said.

The old-timer hurried into the toilet to see.

On the bus ride back across the bay to San Francisco, Justin had a raging hard-on. He squeezed the jockstrap in his pocket that he'd gotten off the high-school boy.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

On his day off, Justin slept in late, then began checking out the glory holes in restaurants and stores downtown.

He stopped in the coffee shop of the Hotel Frisco, a tourist placed on Geary, near Union Square.

After drinking a cup of muddy coffee, he went to the bathroom in the hotel lobby. He inspected the stalls. There had been a glory hole, but a strip of metal had been placed over it.

Some enterprising glory hole repairman had loosened the metal sheet so it was removable. Justin unfastened the wire on the metal strip and be it slid off, exposing the big gap in the partition.

He waited for several minutes. The only visitors to the bathrooms were two middle-aged men who used the urinals. Justin peered through the crack in the stall door. They held their pricks, pissed and talked about the business machines convention at Moscone Center they were in town for, talked about the shabby accommodations of the hotel for sixty bucks a night, and left.

Justin was about to leave when a red-haired, freckled kid came into the stall next to him.

The redhead dropped his jeans and shorts and he sat down on the stool.

Justin rubbed his cock until it got bard. He jerked his prick and moaned.

The redhead watched Justin through the big hole in the partition. The redhead's prick got bard as he pulled the skin up and down over his cockhead. His prick ballooned to about seven inches of randy fuckmeat which protruded from a flaming pubic bush.

Justin jacked off and looked at the boy with the big prick, who did the same. It was like a jerk-off contest.

"Let me suck your cock, kid." "Huh?" the boy said.

"Stick it through the hole."

The kid seemed puzzled, but he stood up and put his throbbing prick through the hole.

Justin squeezed on the fiery fuckmeat. A strand of pre-cum leaked out of the kid's piss slit. Justin put his lips around the boy's rosy cockhead.

"Hey, wait," the kid said.

Justin felt the boy's cock instantly become rock hard in his mouth.

"I'm going to cheese it."

Justin grunted that it was okay.

Cum spurted out of the boy's cock, and Justin swallowed it, hot, sweet boy cum.

"You ain't gonna swallow that stuff?"

Justin sucked all the cum he could out of the boy's cock.

"Oh, wow! What a rush. Jeez, that felt good."

Justin took his mouth off the boy's stiff cock.

"Can I suck yours, mister?"

"Yeah, baby." Justin stood up and poked his prick through the hole.

"That's a whopper," the redhead said. "Suck it, baby. Suck it till it squirts." The boy hesitantly licked Justin's bulbous cockhead. "Stuff's coming out of it."

"Swallow that stuff, baby."

The boy rolled his tongue over Justin's cockhead. He held the brunet's quivering cockshaft in his hand.

"Put your mouth on it. Yeah, that's it. Suck on it, baby. Ohhh, that feels good. Watch your teeth, curl your lips over them. Un-huh. Faster now, suck faster."

Justin pumped his prick into the boy's mouth. The boy slurped and gagged on the fuckmeat that stuffed his mouth.

"It's ready, baby. Keep sucking. Ooooooh! Here it is. Take it, kid. Take my load."

Justin grunted, and the hot cum gushed out of his prick into the redhead's mouth.

The boy gagged on the wad of cum that flooded his mouth.

"You okay, kid?" Justin backed off and looked through the hole.

"Un-hun," the boy said. Cum dripped out of the corners of his mouth.

"This was my first blowjob and the first time I sucked a cock. I dig it.

I really dig it."

The door to the bathroom squeaked open.

"Hey, Buster, did you fall in?" "No, Dad. I'll be right out."

Justin started to sweat. He waited until the redhead left. He replaced the metal strip over the hole. That was close, too close.

Justin cracked open the bathroom door, like he expected the cops to be waiting for him. No one was in sight, except a bellboy who was reading the Racing Form.

On his tour of glory holes, Justin stopped at Walker's, the big store on Market Street.

There were two bathrooms ala Johnny Cash and two stalls without coin boxes on the door.

The end stall was occupied. Justin went into the adjoining stall. A no frills crapper, no seat covers, no toilet paper. He took a leak.

"Let Mama suck it."

Justin didn't bother to shake off the last drops of piss. His fucker stiffened and he shoved it through the giant glory hole into the mouth of the snowy-haired gent.

Justin got into a horny rhythm and mouth fucked his cocksucker. He took long lunges down the guy's throat, then short jabs. It would take that redhead chicken fifty years of sucking cocks to get this good, not to mention having all his teeth pulled, Justin thought.

He stood still, thighs tensed, and let the old man tease the cum out of his prick by swabbing the cockhead, blowing on it, licking on the knob, tonguing his prickshaft, deepthroating, gumming his cock down to the balls until it surrendered its load.

Justin moaned as his cum stirred in his hard balls, rushed up his cockshaft and gushed into the hot, wet mouth of the panting old man.

"Delicious," the old man said. "Tasty teenage cum."

Justin sat down on the toilet and took a crap.

"Perfume for the Gods," the old man said. "Used to be, after World War II when the GI's hit Frisco, you could sit in any toilet in town and suck cock until you got lockjaw."

"You've been sucking prick that long?"

"I was about your age when I started. And I never stopped. Can't eat just one, you know."

Justin grinned and shook his head.

"There's a security guard in this store now who likes to hassle queens. I call him Mr. Blank." The old man rattled a sack. "See, I bring a change of shoes now, and he doesn't even recognize me."

"Is there a lot of action here?"

"It's not Macy's, honey. That was paradise before they called in the cops and arrested thirty of us girls. The Japanese tourists with their cameras were lined up outside waiting to piss. But there was so much cocksucking going on inside that they couldn't even get in to piss. Now they cut the stall doors in half and the rent-a-pigs check it all the time. So I moved my office to Walker's."

"Know any other good glory holes?" Justin asked.

"Golden Gate Park is groovy sometimes. I prefer that rest stop on Highway 280, south of the city. Under that big statue of Father Junipero Serra. I can't even count the cocks I sucked there. But it's crawling with cops now."

"It ain't the cops' business how you get your rocks off," Justin said.

"Lot of it's just harassment. Jealousy. Some of us auntie's have more sex partners in one night than some straight men get in a lifetime. My favorite spot was the old Fox Theater on Market Street, before they tore it down. I used to sit beside that marble slab and suck cock for days. At the auction I bought that marble slab with the glory hole, and I made it into a coffee table for my living room."

"That's really something," Justin said. He wiped his butt, and he got a hard-on.

"That's some piece of meat you've got, made for fucking. Small cocks are for sucking, big cocks are for fucking. I'd sure like to feel that fucker up my ass." The old man stood up, bent over and pressed his butt through the hole. "Fuck Mama's ass, honey."

Justin figured he might as well give his prick another workout since it was already stiff. He pushed his prick into the old man's asshole, which was

somewhat loose from wear, but hot and wet.

The old man went at it, moving his ass around and shoving back at the fuckmeat that stabbed into his butt.

Justin closed his eyes and thought of the redhead boy he'd sucked and been sucked by.

"Harder, honey. Fuck Mama's ass harder." Justin fantasized about cramming Buster's butt with cock. He fucked in earnest, faster and faster.

"My, oh, yes. That's good. Come, honey. Fill Mama's asshole with jizz."

Justin fucked rough, ramming in and out of the old man's ass, his balls slapping wildly against the chalky asscheeks.

"Take it, Buster. Take my load."

The old man clamped his sphincter around the exploding cock and drained every drop of hot cum he could out of the teenager's balls.

Justin's prick plopped out of the man's loose ass. He was about to wipe off when he saw the old man had turned around at the glory hole, with his tongue hanging out.

The old man held onto Justin's fucker and licked off all the cum and assjuices on it.

"Wonderful, honey. Marvelous. You really shoved the cock to Mama."

Justin stuffed his prick into his Levi's. "See you later, Pops."

"It's Mama, honey."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Something was happening inside Justin that he couldn't put his finger on.

He wanted to be involved with Gold and he didn't. He wanted to belong to someone and to be free at the same time. He wanted sex and love and wondered if it was possible to get that from the same person in a gay relationship. The more he thought about this, the more it bothered him.

So he continued his trips to the glory holes to satisfy that lust for a hard cock to suck.

And he continued his affair with Gold, the trysts, such as now.

The store was closed. The help and the customers were gone.

Justin was on his knees in Gold's office, worshiping the boss' cock. He touched the hot skin of the big hard prick that jutted from Gold's wiry pubic bush. He bent over and swabbed his tongue across the man's flared crimson cockhead.

"Your tongue is maddening, Justin." Gold leaned back in the chair and moaned. His pants fell down around his ankles.

Justin held onto Gold's quivering piece of fuckmeat. He flicked his tongue across the man's cockshaft and lapped along the big vein that ran the length of Gold's cock.

"Put it in your mouth, pretty boy. And suck my cock."

Justin darted his tongue into Gold's piss slit and tasted the slimy pre-cum. He placed his lips around the man's cockhead and sucked on the knob just down past the corona. He kept a firm grip on Gold's pulsating cockshaft and jerked on the skin as he bobbed his head up and down on the man's cockhead.

"Take it all, Justin. Deep-throat my cock."

Justin swallowed the cock an inch at a time, all the way down to the balls. He fingered Gold's balls in their hairy sac as he took long slides up and down on the stud's cock.

"Oh, God, that feels so good. Keep doing it, Justin. Keep sucking my cock."

Justin gagged a bit and took his mouth off the throbbing fucker. He pulled the skin up and down over Gold's cockhead. He licked the stud's hairy inner thighs. He took one of Gold's balls into his mouth, and then the other one, and sucked on them.

"You get me so fucking hot, I think I'll melt. I feel like a horny teenager. Get bock on my cock, Justin, before it shoots off. I want to come in your mouth."

Justin licked his way up Gold's cockshaft, the way he would a melting ice cream cone, and put his mouth around the stud's spongy cockhead.

Gold leaned forward and held onto Justin's curly locks. He moaned and furiously pumped his prick in and out of Justin's mouth.

Justin knew the time had come when Gold's cock became rock hard. He moved his tongue around the shaft of the velvety hard cook that rammed relentlessly in and out of his mouth.

"Here it is. Take it, pretty boy. Take my load."

Justin slurped at the stiff cock that buried itself deep in his throat and exploded its wad of hot fuckjuice that flooded his mouth. He squeezed on Gold's balls to get as much cum as he could out of them.

Gold sighed and his head fell back. "Oh, Justin, you're wonderful. I've never been so happy. I never knew I could be so happy until I met you."

Justin stood up and dropped his slacks. His cock had been raging and leaking pre-cum ever since he started to do the boss.

Justin held onto his cock and brushed it against Gold's face. "Lick it, boss. Lick my prick."

Gold's tongue came out of his mouth like a lizard's. His fiery tongue lapped at the huge, thick teenaged cock that waved in his face.

"Suck it, boss. Suck my big prick."

Gold cradled Justin's cock in both hands. He swabbed his tongue over the boy's cockhead, tasting the salty pre-cum. He opened his mouth and gently sucked on Justin's cockhead while he frigged the skin up and down his cockshaft.

Gold shoved the middle finger of his left hand up Justin's asshole and finger-fucked teenager while he sucked his cock.

Justin wiggled his ass and the stiff digit. He held onto Gold's head and pumped his cock in and out of Gold's mouth.

"Finger-fuck my hot asshole because I wanted to get it ready to take your prick after you blow me."

Gold became more passionate. He sucked harder and faster to urge the cum out of Justin's cock.

Justin rocked on his heels and slammed his prick roughly down the boss' throat.

Gold gagged and moaned, but continued, to take the cock that roughly fucked down his throat.

"Get ready. It's coming. Swallow my cum, boss."

Gold pulled his finger out of Justin's shuddering asshole and gulped several times to catch the volcano of hot cum that exploded in his mouth.

Justin let out a scream as his prick gushed its load down Gold's throat.

Gold couldn't take the onrush of cum and it dripped down his chin.

Justin bent over the edge of the desk. "Now fuck my ass, boss."

Gold spread the boy's firm, smooth asscheeks and lubed Justin's fucker with the teenager's own cum that had been deposited in Gold's mouth.

Justin reached back and he guided Gold's randy prick into his hot fuckhole. "Fuck the shit out of me, boss."

Gold held onto Justin's hips. He slowly sat back down in the chair, with his, cock entrenched in Justin's butt.

Justin raised and lowered himself up and down on Gold's cock.

"Oh, Jesus, you've got the best, the tightest ass in the world."

"Fuck my ass, man. Fuck it rough."

Gold thrust upward as Justin met the strokes, bouncing his ass around on top of Gold's fucker.

Gold reached around and he jacked on Justin's prick, which had stayed hard after it shot off, stayed hard with the prostate massage from Gold's fucker.

Justin increased the fucking rhythm. "It's your ass to fuck, boss. Fuck it harder."

Gold was already beyond the point of no return with his cock up the ass of the sexy teenaged boy.

When Gold's cock exploded, shooting hot cum up Justin's ass, Justin sat down on Gold's lap.

Gold's cum sprayed the boy's guts. At the same time, Gold felt hot cum ooze out of Justin's prick. With his cock still buried up the boy's butt, Gold ate the boy's cum off his fingers, creamy bittersweet teenaged cum.

Justin lifted up and Gold's flaccid cock slurped out of his fuckhole.

Justin returned to his original kneeling position. He held Gold's spent cock and licked it clean of the pearly cum and brown shit stains, tasting the tangy mixture of stilt and cum.

"I'm hopelessly in love with you," Gold said.

"I already put out, so you don't have to lie to me."

"I'm not lying. Just looking into those mysterious green eyes of yours makes my heart leap."

"Just looking into your brown eyes makes me realize you're full of shit."

"How can you say that?"

"Because you're married, Ray. Married to a rich bitch. It was never meant to be, can never be anything else for us except stolen moments. I'm like a mistress in the straight world... with all the holidays alone."

"I'd leave my wife, just say the word." "Bullshit -- that's the word. You won't give up anything for me."

"You're wrong, Justin. God knows you are. I just need time to work things out."

"I don't plan to be your dog and settle for crumbs off the table. No fucking thinks. I'm a person, too."

Justin arranged his clothes. So did Gold. Suddenly Gold didn't seem vulnerable anymore. Naked he was a lover. Clothed he was the boss.

"I'm quitting," Justin said. "It was bound to happen sooner or later. We just got too involved. Even when I cruse, you're still on my mind. I don't want to split myself in two."

"You love me, don't you, Justin?"

"I don't even know what love is. And I doubt if you do. Money makes the world go around, you've said so yourself."

"I'd rather have you than all the money in the world."

"Grow up, Ray." The words just came out, all the stored bitterness and resentment of playing second fiddle. "I'm eighteen and you're what --

between forty and death. You love me because I'm young. But you love money more. I'm not as dumb as you think."

"I won't let you go, Justin. I love you. You can't leave me."

"Just watch me." Justin ran out of the store.

It was the rain that wetted his checks, he told himself. He wasn't about to cry over what wasn't meant to be.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Justin's life was a mess. But he didn't want to think about it. Getting involved with Gold created too many problems. Justin liked the routine of having a job, a paycheck and something to do with his time.

Now he just filled out employment applications at places like Macy's, the Emporium, at hotels and restaurants. He waited. Nothing happened.

Something had to break.

There were thousands of homeless people on San Francisco streets. He'd have to sleep-in the park and eat grass. Or he'd have to join the legion of hustlers who survived by selling their ass on Polk Street. Neither alternative appealed to him. He didn't want to be a bum and he didn't want to have to get it on with just anyone who had the bucks. There were lots of weirdo's on the streets. And it was raining like crazy.

As much as he tried not to, he thought about Gold. He'd felt safe having a daddy, someone to take care of him. There was security and stability in their relationship. But Ray Gold was married and there wasn't any future, no reason to drag on the affair. He missed Gold, missed him desperately.

Gold was indeed one foxy daddy. And Justin had to admit that he liked being Gold's lover.

The more Justin thought about what used to be between Gold and him, the more he hated Gold. And the more he cruised.

Like now, Justin had checked out the showers on every floor at the Y. He just wanted a cock to suck on, the way a dog wants a bone to pacify himself.

He sat in a stall in the fifth floor bathroom. He sat directly behind the urinals and waited.

A Castro clone type, about thirty, with short hair, trim mustache, wearing Levi's, one of those alligator shirts and tennies took a leak.

Justin watched the piss spray between the man's legs. He listened to the piss hit the urinal. He cleared his throat.

The clone turned around, shaking the piss drops off his prick. Justin ran his tongue across his lower lip. Without a word, the clone walked over and shoved his stiffening cock into Justin's face.

Justin wrapped his left hand around the shaft of the stud's veiny cock.

He licked the man's spongy cockhead and slipped his mouth around the fucker.

The clone moaned and thrust his hips, shoving his cock in and out of Justin's mouth.

With his right hand, Justin jacked on his own stiff cock while he deepthroated the clone's hard cock.

Just when the stud's cock was about ready to explode its load, the clone removed it from Justin's mouth, stuffed it back into his Levi's, and left.

Another clone type who'd come into the toilet and watched the blowjob in progress had his cock out and was pulling the skin up and down over his rosy cockhead.

The second clone came over to the stall and he pushed his semi-hard fucker into Justin's mouth. The cock tasted shitty, like it had just been up someone's ass.

Justin didn't feel like sucking the rubbery, shitty-tasting cock. He lost his own hard-on. He stood up, fastened his jeans and left the second clone standing there holding his fuckmeat and jerking himself.

Justin took the stairs back up to the seventh floor. He heard the shower running and stopped into take a peek.

The hot water was running full blast and steam billowed out of the shower.

Justin took off his clothes and he stepped into the shower. He couldn't see a thing in the steamy mist.

Suddenly a hand groped Justin's cock and got it hard. There was the fuzzy image of a man who kneeled on the slippery tiles and put his lips around Justin's stiff cock.

Justin held onto the cocksucker's head and thrust his prick in and out of the cocksucker's mouth.

"Suck it, man. Keep sucking it. Oh, yeah, that's good." The cocksucker held Justin's undulating hips and deep-throated the hard cock that rammed down his throat.

"Here it comes, man. Take my load." Justin grunted and spewed his wad of hot cum down the cocksucker's throat.

The cocksucker hungrily swallowed the jizz and kept on sucking.

Justin's cock felt raw and he pulled it out of the cocksucker's mouth, which was clamped around it like those jaws of life that free people from auto wrecks.

Justin stood under the shower and rinsed off with a spray of cold water, then left the steamy room which was haunted by the ghostly cocksucker.

With no towel he carried his clothes and left a trail of water to his room at the end of the hallway.

As Justin was toweling off inside the room, he heard a tapping on the door. He figured the hungry cocksucker had followed him from the shower.

"Get lost," Justin said, opening the door.

There stood Ray Gold, all dressed in a three piece gray suit.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Anger flared inside Justin.

"I came to see you."

Justin was naked and vulnerable. He cinched the towel around his waist.

"May I come in?"

"I don't care," Justin said.

Gold dosed the door. "I want to talk to you, Justin."

"No," Justin said. He couldn't understand why he was so mad. "It's over between us."

Gold put his arms around Justin. "I left my wife."

"Liar," Justin said.

"It's true. Justin, I love you."

Justin tried to pull away. "Stop messing up my head. I'm not going to play any more fucking games. Just go away and leave me alone."

"I can't," Gold said.

Justin felt his resistance melting. His cock was throbbing, and the towel fell from his waist.

Gold bent down and kissed Justin's pulsing prick.

"Oh, Ray, I've missed you."

While Gold was blowing him, Justin managed to undo Gold's tie and help him undress.

Naked, they embraced. Justin guided Gold over to the bed.

"Fuck me, Ray. I want to feel you inside me."

Gold licked his fucker with spit. He lifted Justin's legs and gently pushed inside Justin's fiery, tight asshole.

"Oh, God. It's you again. Really you, Ray. Do it. Fuck my ass. It's yours to fuck."

Justin wrapped his legs around Gold's hips. He fastened his lips to Gold's.

Gold took long, probing strokes into Justin's butt. Justin wiggled his ass and fucked back.

Justin's head jerked to the left and he moaned. "Fuck me, Ray. Oh, keep fucking me. I love it. I love you. Only you."

Gold pinched the boy's tits and increased his fuck strokes. He shoved his big prick all the way inside Justin's ass.

"Oh, yeah! Shoot that hot load inside me!" Justin felt the molten cum spew into his guts. And he felt his own cum ooze out of his cock at the same time.

Gold stared into the boy's green eyes. His cock softened and fell out of Justin's slippery, cum-filled asshole.

Gold bent down and licked the salty goo off the boy's stomach. He scooted up and kissed Justin with cum-stained lips.

Justin trembled. "I'm scared. I don't understand what's going on. I hated you so much, but I love you at the same time."

Gold caressed the boy's dark curly hair.

"It's okay, Justin. I'm back."

Gold rubbed his finger across the boy's lips. "We belong together. I knew that from the first moment I saw you. We'll make a home together. It doesn't matter where."

Tears stung Justin's cheeks. "I'm probably a sucker. But I believe you."

THE END